

Japhalein, Mother Ship of This Galaxy



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by
E. Blanche Pritchett, Ph.D.



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MANUFACTURED IN THE U.S.A.

Dedicated to



INTRODUCTION

ABOUT THE BOOK

Beginning on the first page of this book, you are transported into a world that has been mentioned in prophecies, bibles, and through the mouths of seers for many centuries, each telling a piece of the story of the planning and order and function and growth of the universe and its peoples.

Starting in this book, and probably continuing in a sequel, is the story of the responsibility of the Elect in the coming days ahead of reorientation.

The story of things to be done starting with the Planetary Conjunction February 4, 1962, and to be done within the next three years. Things to be accomplished before the birth of a new planet, and before Earth (or "Covenant", as it is called throughout the galaxy) can take her place among her sisters as an enlightened and awakened planet.

The story of counterforces bent on destruction, and the story of the Great Plan and each person's place.

It opens wide for you the vistas and glory of the future of man, and the spiritual endowment that is his to use in the eternal expansion of his beingness.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR — *A Star In Her Hair*

The universe, according to most, is a very large place. I know a person so tremendous spiritually that Sirius does nicely as a pendant for her breast, and the Pleiades make a lovely crown for her long, dark hair. Her name, if names are important to you, is E. Blanche Pritchett. You can locate part of the space she occupies using that name as a guide. But name? She's nameless. Age? She's timeless. Anywhere now is, she is.

Who am I? I am part of her as she is part of me. For now, she is the greater part of me. As the crest of the present moves through the timeless void, she provides the light that cleaves the fog and settles the future for my occupation, against the time when I and my teammates will to rise from the wave and join her on the crest.

Patience is a virtue according to most, and many who practice patience are doing so by keeping a tight hold on impatience, and some of the time they struggle mightily to keep the coin from flipping. But she is like a magician and holds the coin in her hand. She opens her hand and it is gone and you know she has the understanding of the essence of the whole coin, patience and impatience. This is best seen when you have been doing your best according to your own ethical development and still you make a mistake or settle for a lesser goal. What you have of her then is not patience, not impatience; it is more than that; it is understanding. And it is more than understanding; it is granting you the full right to be, without reservations.

There are some who have reached varying high degrees of spiritual development that exercise secretly at night to keep their body fit or burn midnight oil feeding data into their intellectual machinery. There are some who eat special foods like vegetables, or breathe in deep, hold it three counts, and then breathe out

slowly while repeating the seven rules for good conduct, or something. Some even stand on their head for several hours a day. I'm not running these things down. They're fine for what they are designed for. But rituals have little to do with the developed spirit. These practices don't do it for you. I want to point out to all of you who have despaired of attaining spiritual enlightenment because you couldn't bring yourself to perform some special ritual, that they are not necessary unless you think they are.

I have learned this from her. She enjoys what she has. She eats well and regular, and as far as I know, I don't think she gets up and runs around the block three or four times every morning before breakfast. She does have one peculiarity that I have trouble understanding. She rarely sleeps more than three hours a night, while I'm one of those that can sleep all night and half the day. You can probably see why I consider sleeping so little, peculiar.

I used to think this was the reason she could turn out such a prodigious amount of work. I was sure she stayed up most of the night thinking up things to keep me busy, and then I found out she kept ten of us busy plus turning out, herself, almost as much work as the ten of us.

She explained it to me one day. She said, "Time is something we create. It's a whole thing that we partake of in parts, piece by piece, strung out like a line. Each moment-to-moment event we create will occupy more or less space according to our own personal consideration. Each of the moment-to-moment existences of an event are not wholly the event, are not the truth, and our difficulties come not from trying to cram a whole lifetime into a brief span, but in not realizing that the whole of creation is a time."

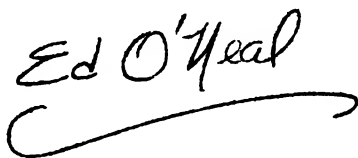
She went on more simply, "I make time for the things I want to do."

I have attended many meetings where she has been, and found her at home with all types of people. One meeting I remember in particular. There were seers, mystics, religionists, physical scientists, housewives, cowpunchers, etc., (you name it and it was there) present, and the part that amazed me and continues to amaze me, is that each and every person present understood her, and rather than finding exceptions to her statement, contributed to it and supported it. I don't say this always occurs, but for it to ever occur anywhere is quite an experience.

This ability of stating something so that each individual understands what the something is about, regardless of their level of development, has served Blanche Pritchett well in the founding and operating of MARCAP COUNCIL.

The Creed of MARCAP COUNCIL is Blanche Pritchett's creed. She lives it and is content for others to live it when they themselves are ready to do so.

All these words you have read, you may have used to build a picture of a person that is way out, someone that doesn't see or touch the hard, tough, realistic side of life. If that's the case, make a new picture or you will be surprised if you ever contact her. She can be and is a hard-headed, practical business woman. Women are generally a paradox to most men. This is much less true of E. Blanche Pritchett. Women understand her and men understand her. I believe this is because she is what the occasion demands.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Ed O'Neal". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. Below the name, there is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that extends across the width of the signature.

Presently (1968) Chairman of the Board of Directors, CSA Brotherhood (Christian Spiritual Alliance), Lakemont, Georgia.

AUTHOR'S COMMENTS

It is my desire that the reader who wishes to classify this work as fiction, feel free to do so and enjoy its contents.

For the other readers, who somehow KNOW the truths stated in this book, I ask that they read the book without attempting to study it until later. The reading of this book is a guarantee to the new-age leaders that they will see these things unfold, as laid down in this book, and they will KNOW that they read it here. From there, there is their own application of the truths, and that can be fun.

(signed) *E. Blanche Pritchett*

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*Japhalein,
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PROLOG

My first contact with *Japhalein* and certain members of the crew came in the fall of 1959, on the southernmost tip of an island known as Estero Island, or Fort Myers Beach, Florida.

It was a warm, balmy October evening, and my companion and I took a ride to the shopping center to get some ice cream cones. My companion came out of the drug store with a rather quizzical expression upon his face, and said to me, "For some reason or other, I feel we should go to the 'South Tip'. Is that okay with you?"

I readily agreed, but wondered at his statement, for he is a very practical person, and not one to speculate in areas of communication.

When we were within a half mile of the end of the island, we saw a brilliant reddish orange light in the southeastern sky, travelling at a rate of speed which was too incredible for any aircraft that we have knowledge of or use on this planet at this time. The light moved very rapidly toward the south and suddenly it disappeared from sight . . . but an aura of light could be discerned which delineated the path it had taken. Within seconds the aura disappeared, also.

By this time we had arrived at the end of the island, and we stopped the car, turned off the lights, and sat . . . both of us pondering what had happened. Then I was given the name "*Japhalein*", and was told that I would have more information

on this very soon, which I told my companion about, and we drove back in silence wondering about the credibility of the experience.

Two nights later, most of the questions we had were answered clearly and without reservation, and this is an account of the events which have occurred since that first contact.

In order to keep this as factual as possible, I am considering this a "reporting" job that I consented to do, and therefore I withhold information which could be classified as "personal", which includes any considered qualifications, status, profession, etc.

Many people have reported sightings of a "huge cigar-shaped mother ship"; others have reported psychic experience aboard that ship; still others have reported personal contact with crew members. I submit here my report. Whether or not it is real to you, whether you can "believe" it or not, whether you have had similar experience, is not within my right to demand.

Somehow I do feel that, as many read this account, they will experience a familiarity with the surroundings as pictured. This may be in varying degrees of reality, so I am not inclined to make any further suggestions on that matter. If it seems fiction to you, then I hope you enjoy the reading. If it seems too real to be fiction, then I invite you to discover what else you know about the great ship *Japhalein*.

CHAPTER

1

ALL ABOARD!

The small space craft that I was in now came within sight of its gigantic mother ship, and the three crew members of the small scout ship were busy with various instruments. I looked out the viewer and saw a large gaping hole appear in the forward part of the mother ship, and I saw that we would soon be “flying” right into her side.

My information was that the ship I was aboard was named *Mary Bell*, and was the scout ship which I had seen that night on the island. She was a small bell-shaped ship, immaculate and efficient in structure. A three-man crew was all that she needed. My informants were the crew members, who were each one familiar to me, but I could not say how at that moment.

Almost as quickly as we entered the “hold” of the mother ship, the large portal closed with no detectable sound. We came to an almost instant stop deep within her insides, and an opening appeared in the scout ship where I had seen something that looked like shelves, which I now understood were actually stairs inverted against the bulkhead of the ship and attached to a door which opened forward (or “fell out”, as I put it later when relating the experience).

The three-man crew stepped close to the stairway and stepped back, inviting me to go ahead of them, which I did will-

ingly and with no thought of fear until I reached the middle step. (There were seven steps in all, and I noted as I was counting them that it seemed a strange thing to be doing.) Then I was gripped with fear! What was I doing, and how on earth did I get into this? I wished for more familiar surroundings, or at least something which I could predict. However, I kept going, for the three crew members were right at my heels. Reaching the bottom of the seven steps, one of the crew stepped to my right side, one to my left, and the third stepped out in front of us to lead the way.

A few steps further and we entered a small room, approximately six by eight feet in size, but the room had no corners; the ceiling was dome-like and the "corners" were all rounded. There were two chairs in the room, a small tray table, and two closed doors opposite each other, through one of which we had entered. I was bid to sit on one of the chairs, and the crew member who had led us sat on the other chair. The other two went through the door opposite the one we had come through, and I saw them no more for a time.

"You may call me Mara," offered the guide who sat with me, "and if there are any questions you wish to ask, please feel free to ask them." He had a kindly manner and seemed quite open-faced and forthright, a pleasantness of countenance similar to the sweetness I had appreciated in my grandmother's face. He was now throwing his peak-shaped hood back from his head, and I could see that he was more youthful than I had first thought. His hair was dark brown and slightly wavy, and he had a high forehead and perfection of profile.

"We should not have long to wait," he then said. This was news I was happy to receive, for my curiosity and apprehension were so high that I imagined I could hear my heart thumping

and the rushing of blood through my veins in anticipation of the next event, whatever it was to be.

"Where are we . . . is this some kind of satellite or something?" I asked.

"Yes, you could say it was some kind of satellite. That would be appropriate. This is the great ship *Japhalein*. Have you not heard of her?"

"No! Is there something I ought to know about this ship, or anything else?" I hastily answered and inquired.

He seemed very surprised at the answer I gave, as though he could not imagine anyone not having heard of *Japhalein*. "What name do you call the Galactic Communication Center by?" he asked.

"I never knew there was such a thing as a Galactic Communication Center, let alone having a name to call it," I told him. "There must be much that we do not know about on our planet. We do not have any official acknowledgement that space craft are real. None of our governments will admit to it, even though there are countless numbers of reports of sightings and other contacts. It just is not acceptable or reportable, as far as my government is concerned anyway."

"It seems strange that the occupants of a planet within our galaxy would not be informed about *Japhalein*. How do you go about clearing for space travel?" he asked, as though this were an everyday occurrence.

"Clearing for space travel?" I repeated, gulping a bit and wondering at his nonchalance at having presented such an idea. "My goodness, space travel is almost a myth on our planet.

Oh, of course, someday we may be able to conquer space to that extent . . . but no one really believes it, I don't think."

"Is that so?" Mara obviously could not quite comprehend the ignorance I was presenting him with. He shook his head slowly from side to side, and a slight frown clouded his face. "Are you familiar with inter-tele-version?" Hopefully, this time.

"Do you mean television?" I replied by asking.

"No, I mean inter-tele-version. We discarded television much time ago, for it was not efficient at all . . . at all. Do you still use it?"

"Yes, we still use it . . ." I replied weakly, for I was now beginning to feel like something that had been unearthed or had crawled out of a cave, or something archaic of form and purpose. "We have had television for some eighteen years now, and have begun to produce color television that can be bought by the average wage earner. Television is still not accessible to many of the occupants of our planet, though, for there are many areas yet uncivilized, where television transmitters are not available, and for lots of other reasons, mostly commercial."

Mara was listening intently and with a look of incredibility on his face, as though he were hearing something which was so staggering to his imagination that he found need to ponder over my words. I remember thinking to myself, "Well, how would I feel if a man from the Dark Ages on our planet suddenly sprang forth? He would seem incredible to me, I am sure, and it must be like that for Mara." So I tried to be patient with him in my thoughts, and help him to see that I was real, and that what I was telling him was indeed our way of life, and that he in his civilization had apparently gone far beyond us. I did not note until much later that I had forgotten my own fears and appre-

hensions in my interest in Mara and in not shocking his reality too much.

He leaned forward and asked, slowly so as to catch my reaction, "Have you ever seen the results of an inter-tele-version operation?"

"No, I am not even familiar with the word, let alone its operation. Can you show me one?" I felt this invitation would allow him to present something of their way of life and might make him more comfortable.

To my utter surprise, he broke out into gales of laughter, and rocked and rolled around on his chair, with the words he was now attempting to say coming out brokenly between the roars. Finally I managed to get what he was saying, and he kept right on laughing at the top of his voice. "Show you ONE!" Oh . . . I was trying hard not to act offended, for I really wasn't. I understood that I must have said something startlingly funny, and I just hoped that he did not feel embarrassed when the thing wore off and was no longer so funny, whatever it was.

"Show you one . . ." and he slapped his sides and laughed some more, and finally he said, "I don't know how I could SHOW you one. It isn't a thing at all. It is a measuring wavelength."

"Mara, escort our guest to the Lobby, please," a voice said, as though coming over a loudspeaker or intercom.

Mara leaped to his feet and replied, "Yes, sir, at once." Then, turning to me with some faint traces of laughter showing as tears in his eyes, he said, "Will you please follow me?"

I nodded my consent, and he hesitated, and then repeated the question. "Will you please follow me?"

"Oh, yes, of course." I finally realized he needed verbal consent.

With a gesture of extreme courtesy, he opened the door and bid me to go on ahead, which I did. I wanted to stay very close to him, though, for I felt that we had some understanding of each other, and that he would befriend me if I had need of it. He walked alongside of me down a long long corridor which I would estimate to be more than a mile in length, with doors on either side of it and some small tracks to one side — tracks like a train runs on, only they were much closer together and not as big. Mara saw me looking at them, and almost as though he read my mind, he offered, "Those are Beetle tracks."

Now it was my turn to laugh, and I really did, for I was envisioning the insects which we call "beetles" leaving their tracks, and it seemed too funny to bear so I exploded.

By now, poor Mara must have thought I was really in bad shape. But I finally gathered my composure and we proceeded down the corridor, having stopped long enough for me to get my laughter over with.

Mara must have been thinking the same thing, for neither of us offered anything further. We just walked along the corridor, seeing no one, hearing no one, and finally we came upon what looked like a small alcove with a double door in it. Mara opened the door, and once more bade me enter first.

CHAPTER

2

SIGHT-SEEING

The room I entered was of great proportion. (I was later told that it is called the "Lobby".) It must have been at least one hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. It was beautifully carpeted in a rust-colored carpet that had a curious sheen to it. The ceiling was high and nearly dome-shaped, with tubular-shaped lighting fixtures running in a checkerboard design. The walls seemed to be of paneling, golden in color, like oak, and the furniture was all in shades of green. It was a most pleasant and tastefully decorated room, in my opinion. There were many chairs, arranged in conversational groupings, and also several small tables, couches, and bookstands scattered here and there through the room.

Opposite to the wall where we entered, I could see a tremendous expanse of windows covered with lovely soft green drapes, much like our draw-drapes, for that is what they were.

Moving across the width of the room, Mara took me to a three-chair-and-couch grouping near the windows, and cordially invited, "Won't you sit down, please?"

"Thank you," I answered him, as I selected a large comfortable chair and sat down, looking around and wondering where everyone was.

Then, from a door at the far end of the room, I saw three people enter, all clothed in close-fitting suits of green material which looked much like our linen. I saw that they were all male, and as they walked in our direction, I suddenly knew they were coming to where I was, to talk to me.

By the time they reached me, I was very excited and felt somewhat awkward at my clumsiness of appearance and dress.

Mara stood up as they approached, and gave a slight, very slight bow in their direction.

“May I present Nor, Shem, and Felis . . . this is Blanche.”

We exchanged greetings and smiled at each other, and then we all sat down and exchanged common ordinary pleasantries for a few minutes. Then Mara told them of our conflicts in realities and our laughter, and they all seemed to enjoy it very much.

Our conversation went from these little things into an inquiry from Nor about how things were going these days on my planet, and I gave him a brief run-down on my views. There were many questions, many answers, and it seemed that more than an hour must have passed when finally Shem stood up and walked over to a section of the drapes and asked me to come and look as he drew the drapes back.

I looked out upon night and darkness, and the stars were as natural-looking as if I had been standing in my own back yard looking at them. Everywhere, there were stars, and the sky seemed somehow clearer than I had ever seen it before. I noted a lightness off to the right (similar to the way the Milky Way looks to us from the earth), and I was told that this was a

different atmosphere, which appeared as a film to us as we looked into it.

Shem directed my attention to the constellation Orion, and it seemed as though I were looking at it exactly reverse from the way it appears from Earth. The home of the White Brotherhood, which we call "Sirius, the Dog Star", was pointed out, Arcturus was indicated, and so on and on until I saw that indeed I was looking at things reversed. Then Shem pointed to the sun which is the center of my home solar system, and he said to me, "We call that one 'Immanuel'. That is your sun. A little later, I will show you some things of interest to you and the inhabitants of your planet. But for now, I ask you to note the aura of your sun. Does it seem different to you than from the earth you live on?"

"Oh yes, very different. It looks more like Saturn would if it were enlarged five or six times . . . and I also see many colors which are not discernible from the earth. What are those rings I see? Can you tell me?"

Shem smiled. "Yes, I can tell you, but it is for another to do. If you have seen enough for now, we can go into the Statistics Chamber, and there your questions will be treated factually."

I had not really seen enough but my curiosity was greater than my desire to continue the looking, so I agreed to let it be so for now and go on to the so-called "Statistics Chamber".

"May I come back here later?" I asked Shem, as we walked across the Lobby in the direction of the door he had entered.

"It will be permitted, if you ask." Then he smiled. "There

are so many things of further interest to you that you may not remember to ask," he said, with a knowing chuckle.

It began to occur to me that these folk with whom I had come into contact on this beautiful ship are not given to idle conversation. They use a minimum of words, and do not speak at all except under conditions which require some communication or answer to questions. It was quite comfortable to be with them when one realized this, for it was not necessary to be a sparkling conversationalist at all. Quite comfortable, I noted with a sigh.

CHAPTER

3

STATISTICS CHAMBER, AND HOW!

Leaving the Lobby, we turned in a left-hand direction. A few feet down the corridor, Shem opened a door and moved a small car-like affair on small wheels out onto the tracks. The tracks were countersunk and the little car just appeared to sit down on them with ease and with no lifting or effort on the part of the person. I finally knew what a Beetle was, and I smiled a little to myself (I thought) over this cognition. I could see, though, that Shem also had a smile on his face, which I knew was in agreement with me, not a rejection. I wondered how he knew what I was thinking. If he did.

We stepped over the low side of the little Beetle and sat down on the seats, which looked large enough for three persons on each side of the car. There was also a little jump-seat which Shem chose to sit on for the operating position. As soon as we were seated, the car went into motion and we were speeding along the tracks at a very high rate of speed. It surprised me; there was not the slightest sound that I could hear.

“What keeps people from walking out of those doors and running smack into the Beetles?” I asked.

“The doors will not open when the cars are within twenty-five feet,” he told me, “unless they are run off of the track, that

is," he added. Later he showed me how when we have finished with the use of the car, we place it in a closet like the one we had taken it from. There is a dumb-waiter affair which distributes the Beetles throughout the ship automatically; this is so that all of the cars do not wind up in a few of the closets, and none in the others. The closets are placed at hundred-foot intervals throughout every corridor in the ship. There are twenty-one main corridors like the one we were in now, and there are more than five hundred intersecting corridors throughout the ten levels (floors) of the ship, and many small corridors which intersect other compartments.

By now, we had covered the length of the corridor that I could see from our starting position, and as we neared the end "wall", it opened, and we went right on through without any slackening of speed. The doorway or portal closed behind us after we had gone through, and once again I seemed to be at one end of another corridor about a mile long.

"Do you call this one of the main corridors, too?"

Shem answered, "No, this is still the same corridor. It is in ten sections, but is classified as one corridor. There are twenty-one of these, and they are nine and one-half miles in length."

"Nine and a half miles!" I gasped. Then, somewhat stupidly, I asked, "How long is this ship?"

"It is eleven miles long, in your language. In our language, it is one pede." He looked at me to see how this satisfied me, and apparently realized that I did not quite comprehend what he was talking about. "We measure linear distances in pedes, lords, cubits, yens, tors, and diams. As you can see, one pede is equal to eleven miles in your language and measurements, and it is customary for us to not use the plural unless it is more than two

we are speaking of. So we say, 'one pede' or 'two pede', then above that we say, 'pedes three, four, ninety,' and so on. One equals a single thing, two equals two single things, and so on. We count the same way as you do, otherwise."

"My, that is interesting. I would like to learn more about it, so that I can be acquainted with what I am talking about when I return home," I said. Then I wondered why I was thinking of returning home — no one even indicated that I would . . . or would not, for that matter. The thought surprised me, for up to this moment I had not considered anything but that I was on a visit, and like all guests, would return to my own home when the visit was over.

Shem depressed the little lever on the front panel of the Beetle, and the car stopped. He got out, and I followed. Then he took the car to a closet and pushed it onto a disc-shaped platform, and closed the door.

We walked the next few feet, and entered a door into a small room like the first one I had entered on entering the ship. It was about six by eight feet, with two chairs and a tray table, and another door opposite the one through which we entered. Shem opened the other door, and we were in another huge room. But this time, there were many many people sitting at what looked like instrument panels and drawing boards, and other arrangements not familiar to me.

My attention was drawn to a figure clothed in red, and as I looked at him, he turned and looked at me with a smile growing across his handsome face. He said something to the two people he had been conversing with, and left them, walking hastily in my direction. Within a few feet of me, he extended his right hand to me and greeted me with, "Welcome aboard, Blanche."

Somehow I KNEW him, but I could not fix my thoughts on any where's or how's or when's. I just KNEW him . . . and I knew his name, also! "I'm very happy to be here, Paul!" I threw my arms around him, and we embraced. I felt tears in my eyes and a song in my heart. It was wonderful, for I knew this was my brother! The brother I had been seeking . . . the one to whom I talked when my heart was heavy with problems of livingness. The ONE that I trusted with all of my secrets, and had thought him to be spirit only.

With his arm around me, we walked to the small ante-room, with Shem following us, and sat down for a visit, away from the others who were at work in the Statistics Chamber. My mind seemed foggy . . . my memories were hazy, but nonetheless they were coming to me, a bit more solidly with each instant that passed. I vaguely was aware that Shem had said something to me . . . to which I replied automatically . . . and then he left us.

Bit by bit, between us, and with Paul's help, I began to recall. I knew I had not seen him for thirty-three years, by Earth time, and that he was one who had conquered the fourth dimension, as I was also, when conscious. I knew that we were members of a brotherhood, the White Brotherhood, with a mission to accomplish which transcends the needs of any one planet.

"You are the first female to board our ship with the particular type of form you are using and from the planet from which you come to us just now. There have been two males from your planet recently, and until then, no one from the planet that you call 'Earth' had ever come across the great divide. You have a great responsibility now, Blanche, to your fellow Earth Beings as well as to those of us here and to the others who make up the Confederacy of the White Brotherhood. You must be reoriented. You will need to gather many facts, so that you can disseminate

them without falsifying or altering the real truths. You need to understand that the physical laws to which you have been oriented, apply only in the environment in which they are created, namely, your planet. There is much to do, but it will be done comfortably, and will get done in the time-streams by a natural action of evolution. Are you willing?"

"Yes, I am more than willing . . . but I wonder, am I equipped educationally and practically to do such a job?" I asked.

"There is no 'equipment' needed, and education need not go beyond the ability to read and write simple factual reports. Actually, education is a barrier in some areas, due to what I have already stated . . . that the known laws of man apply only to the environment for which they are intended or created. You would have much to unlearn if you had much of a scientific grasp on things native to the planet from which you come to us now." He was getting up now, and reaching his hand to me to assist my rising bodily from the chair. "Let us go back now, into the Statistics Chamber. Ready?"

"Not quite. Why are you dressed in red?" I wanted to know this, for it was so surprising to me that I thought it might be informative and of interest to others.

"I am Supreme Commander of this ship, in addition to being a Galactic Council Elder. We all wear red in our work and, as you already know, white in our Council meetings. Red deals with anything physical, and simulates the color of the physical blood. White is symbolic of the spirit form, and indicates the purity of the spirit form. I will give you more information on those two facts a bit later. Will that do for now?" He was smiling — such a beautiful smile. His face was one of strength . . . handsomeness rather than delicate beauty; a bit

rugged, perhaps, but beautiful in its ruggedness. His body was graceful, yet extremely muscular and large. He moved with ease — no effort at all in picking his feet up and laying them down, yet I imagined you could not hear his footfalls, for they were utterly free of effort.

Back in the Statistics Chamber, he introduced me to several people and moved me from one place to another, inviting me to see all that I could; then later we would go back over what I saw, and I could ask whatever I chose. So I roamed idly around, much as one does in a museum, looking at all of the things which were so unfamiliar to me. Once in a while, one of the personnel would turn and smile at me. They all knew I was there and had a purpose, and they seemed friendly and understanding in their attitudes, and obviously content for me to be there poking my nose into everything and anything.

Dials arranged on a board which was about six by six feet in size, were marked with familiar numbers but strange words, such as "PRESSDIN" and "PRESSDON" (which I learned later meant "PRESSURE IN" and "PRESSURE OUT"). This was used to determine adequacies of craft in entering certain force fields and atmospheres.

On one panel which was very large, about eight by twelve feet in size, there was a large assortment of vials or test tubes (glass, I assume) which were varied in size, length, and contents. The contents were of different colors, and in spanning my attention across this panel, I had the illusion of a rainbow — somewhat different from what we customarily see in a rainbow, in that the colors were of many densities and qualities. I counted seventeen different shades of blue, for instance, and this was only one color I dealt with; each color had its many variations. The vials were arranged on the board with lights in back of them which were complementary to the colors of the fluids in the

vials. I was fascinated with this panel, for as I stood watching, I could see motion in the vials, which seemed to respond to the lights flashing behind other vials, and an arcing effect occurred between two or more of the vials. It seemed a pleasing thing, but I had not the faintest inkling of intelligence as to its purpose or use. It was superb in its apparent simplicity, and baffling in its obviously necessary complexity.

Perhaps it was that I lingered so long at this panel, or perhaps there were other reasons, but soon I felt a touch on my right elbow, and Paul was there smiling at me.

"This is the most interesting thing I have ever seen, Paul. What is it, and what is it used for?" The words spilled forth, in my eagerness.

"That is an instrument we use in the measurement of wavelengths. It is really the heart of *Japhalein*, if anything is. All discordant factors in any zone of our galaxy are recorded there instantaneously with the occurrence. All progress into higher fields of creation is also detected. Every communication of certain magnitude is picked up on this instrument, and it performs what we call 'inter-tele-version', which is a process which transforms content into color, and the measurement of the wavelength can be calculated here on this manual control switch." He indicated the switch which was installed on the right-hand front corner of the table which sat beneath the panel. "As these lights flash on and off, and the arcing that you see occurs, the wavelength is registered here on this dial." He pointed to an oval-shaped dial which was also mounted on the table, with a large cable going from it to the panel.

"What do you mean by 'certain magnitude of communications'?" I wanted to know.

"As you already know, certain densities of materials attract unto themselves the lighter densities, which then become converted into energies compatible to the denser body, of whatever nature it is. Well, here with this highly sensitive instrument, we have filtered out many of the denser communications so that the thought forms are the ones which are picked up, rather than the impacts, explosions, or other grosser communication methods." He paused, and I knew he was evaluating how I was comprehending this information. "It will be more understandable for you if I show you one phase of the operation. How would you like that?"

With my hastily given consent, Paul moved over to the female operator and spoke to her, at which time she removed a glass shield from her eyes and stood up facing me. Paul introduced us. Her name was Fina, and he told me that she had been on this project for twenty Earth years. She was wholesome looking, with a beauty like I described Paul as having — a strength, a handsomeness which seemed entirely feminine, whereas with Paul it was distinctly male. Perhaps I could clear this up for the reader if I said there was a qualitative something rather than a quantitative something, a clear beauty rather than a "cosmetic" or imitated beauty.

Fina moved quickly and very deftly manipulated her hands over many dials and switches, turning each to a position which read "DESIST". As she was doing this, Paul explained to me that she had been doing some radiation measurements, and that we were now breaking that contact in order to set up a demonstration for me.

Paul asked me what area within our galaxy I would be interested in, and showed me a huge chart on an adjoining table,

where the entire field of the galaxy was portrayed and blocked off into zones, each zone bearing a number and a name. I couldn't determine very much from the chart, being unused to a display of such a huge area of our universe. "Where is the earth on this map?" I asked.

Again Paul's quick but understanding smile accompanied his response to my question, and soon he was pointing to a tiny pinpoint on the chart and saying, "This is the approximate position of your planet. The number is '666' and the name 'Covenant'." He caught my startled expression, but went on. "What do you wish to examine?"

"I want to know what the true plans of the Communists are, and whether or not they do plan attack against our nation," was my reply. That, too, surprised me, for I had not been conscious of such political interests.

Paul gave Fina the indicating signal for her to comply, and she went to work. I could not begin to tell you all of the things she did, nor the various settings that she made on the different instruments and devices. I am not sure that it is important to know, anyway, except for one thing: I did note that she set one of the larger dials at the indicated reading of "666", and the last thing she did was to indicate on a dial which was mounted on the table in front of the panel, again "666". Then she turned the switch on, and there was a series of strange vibratory motions, some slight sound, and then the dial needles stopped, the sound stopped, and arcing began to take place between four of the main test tube affairs.

Then Fina turned to Paul and asked if he wanted her to do the reading. "You are more familiar with the interpretation of

the symbols than I am, Fina. So please, yes, you do it," he answered her. Fina nodded her consent, and motioned to me to stand by her right side.

Then she began telling me the story she read there on that incredible instrument panel, in a voice which was low of pitch and with a wonderful quality I must describe as "smooth", for I know no other descriptive word for it; it was a most pleasant voice.

"Here you see the majority thinking of the powers you call 'Communitic'. The red indicates a physical desire to conquer the physical beingness of those who will surrender or agree with the plans and tactics of the Communitic powers." She was pointing to a large test tube which had taken on a murky red appearance, with the light behind it changing to a dark and milky-appearing green. (I didn't make any sense out of looking at the panel display, but her words did make sense.)

She went on. "There is a plan for attack, which CAN be enacted at almost any time. It is their plan to discharge what they call 'guided missiles' with atomic warheads at every major city in the country called the 'United States'. This is planned to occur simultaneously, with mass destruction to every major center. They CAN do this, and they know they can. However, there is spiritual guidance being given to scientists in your country, by which an automatic destructive beam can blow up those missiles IF they are within the sound barriers native to your planet. It is hoped that most of them will be exploded over the seas, but the man-made radioactivity is itself a threat to human life, for in such a case as I describe, the fall-out would be fatal to human forms in a slow, lingering, torturous death by deterioration. This contamination would also affect those who originated its release into the atmosphere. They are aware of this, and have taken precautions against it with certain electronic devices that

are as yet not known generally on your planet. The masses are not considered with any empathy whatsoever, but adequate protection is already arranged for those who are intended to survive such a condition and be the remaining power on the planet. This is their scheme in brief.

“There is a bit more here that I feel you would like to know, and that has to do with the psychopolitical aspect; mainly, that the fear of man is the tool that can be used to destroy him. You are already familiar with this strategy, but one thing you are not aware of is that the fear productions are introduced in several ways, such as mental telepathy to pregnant women, about bearing a deformed or retarded child; introduction of fluids and serums for the purpose of inoculation; the resistance which is being created against the idiocy of advertising methods; the resistance which is being created against the use of drugs or narcotics, which make a person highly susceptible to atmospheric conditions designed to dull the senses and desensitize the form.”

She paused here, and I knew that she was speculating about whether or not I had gotten her message, and if I had any questions. Which I did.

“Thank you, Fina. Some of this I am already aware of, but there are two things I would like to know. First, is there a way the psychopolitical tactics can be used against our heads of state, without being detected by our scientists on their present levels of understanding?” This was my first question.

Fina turned to the panel again, studied it for a brief moment, and then turned to face me. “Your suspicions are well-founded. Yes, there does seem to be something. Shall I pursue it?” she wanted to know.

"Yes, I would like to know. But first, let me ask my second question before you change any of the settings. Is it true that man's blood has to be cleansed to survive the conditions that are soon to be experienced on my planet? If so, what are the methods?"

Once more Fina turned to the panel and looked at it thoughtfully, then said, "I will have to make some different settings to get the full information on both of your questions, since this setting has to do with political thought rather than control of physical bodies or minds." Then she added, "Did you know that the power on the earth that opposes you is a Being using a hunchbacked form?" Again she turned to look at me, as I pondered the question.

"No, I did not know that. Just who is that person?"

"His name is Adolphus Reifschneider" — she spelled it — "and he was the chief of all Germanic scientists in the development of the buzz bomb. He is a great opposing power with much advanced information that can be used against you. For instance, he has a sensitivity developed to the point of discernment of any detection you make about him or his plans. This can be used to disperse your thought when you are really getting close to something he does not want you to know about. The device is called a 'tele-scopidea'. We can teach you how to cope with, and how to offset, that device while you are here visiting us. I do think you should be informed." She surprised me to the point of speechlessness with this information, for I somehow had a familiarity with what she said.

"Oh yes, I DO want to know all I can be taught about these things. Thank you!" I answered her, as she caught her lips with her teeth before saying, "It is most important . . . more than I thought at first."

"Now, I will attempt to answer your other two questions, and we will get on with the work we have seen to do." She turned while still speaking, and quickly began to change the dial settings of three of the dials and two of the gauges. "You wanted to know if certain factors could be used against your heads of state without being detected. Yes . . . and here is how: through intravenous introductions. Primarily, this means encouragement to injure or tire oneself, resulting in a physician administering shots. This is enough of an introduction in itself, without the use of what is called 'antibiotics'. Antibiotics result in blood deficiencies; rightfully they should be called 'antibodies', for they are indeed that. A mental telepathy operator can use this to communicate various ideas and/or hallucinations to the subject. It is a most vicious situation, for it really amounts to using the person's own energy against him. It is not easily detected, nor is it a conscious intention on the part of the ones who administer the drugs. They are usually really dedicated to the cures of mankind, and really mean well. It is not within their realm of reality to see what they are doing . . . but did you know that most of the physicians on your planet are apathetical about REAL cures?"

Fina stopped for breath now and looked at Paul, then at me shaking my head from side to side in an attitude of disgust more than anything, for I had a feeling that all was not well when I posed the question.

"Clarify one thing for me, please, Fina. Did you say that antibiotics were used to introduce hallucinations in another person?" I was very serious in asking this.

"Yes, indeed. Are you familiar with how it works?" she answered and asked.

"No, I admit I am not. Is it something that I should know?"

"Your second question dealt directly with this. As I remember it, you asked if man's blood had to be cleansed in order to survive on your planet, and this is a direct connection to the information recorded here. All of these factors are connected."

"Antibiotics have saved many lives on my planet, and this information is not going to be accepted readily," I offered.

"That is part of the purpose for your visit here at this time. These conditions will be presented to you for your understanding, for you are in need of more help than you have right now." This from Paul, who had not said anything since the detection and measurement began.

Fina said, "Man can only be defeated by his own agreements. Do you see that purple light behind that tube? Well, that indicates the susceptibility of your people; it indicates their indecision and their hopelessness, and the opposers know about that. When one considers that he can do nothing about a situation, he becomes careless. This is the place where the enemy can be successful in attacking. That is how the 'war of nerves' is conducted."

Now Paul stepped forward and said, "Fina, thank you very much. Please give me the readings on a piece of paper, so that I can translate these things into understandable material for her use. We are running out of time for this visit. I note on the inter-tele-version that daylight is dawning at Blanche's home, and she should return to her post for now. We can communicate with her very well."

I felt a pang of regret at having to leave here, and must have shown it, for Paul put his arm around me gently and smiled. "You can remain, but we must transport that body very shortly."

Fina handed Paul a piece of what they called "paper", which looked like wood. Then she smiled at me and said, "I am looking forward to having many visits from you. Call upon me anytime; my code number is 111332."

"Thank you ever so much!" I exclaimed to her, with a genuine appreciation of her skill, her willingness to help, and her fine friendly way of expression.

"You are indeed welcome." With that, she turned and sat back in front of the panel with a wave of her hand, and Paul began to lead me toward the anteroom.

"You will find that some of these things will become clearer to you as you go about your daily life on the planet that you are about to return to. You will feel an urge to write at times . . . and by all means do so, for in this way we can contact and inform you, or warn you, whatever needs to be done. If you feel an urge, do it, and think about it later. Do you think you can do that?" Paul asked.

"Yes. I have been training for several years, and I do believe that I can," I answered.

Shem seemed to appear from nowhere, and was standing beside me as Paul gave me the parting instructions. "Be alert and willing to receive communication from us, and you will have no trouble. We will protect you until all of the work we have to

do with you is finished.” Then he leaned over and kissed me, and said, “Have courage. We are all with you.”

Tears smarted my eyes at the thought of having to leave, but I DID know that my work was truly just beginning. So I walked after Shem down the corridor, in deep deep thought.

CHAPTER

4

ME, IN THREE PARTS

Going aboard the *Mary Bell* again, I felt a bit wistful at the great difficulty I would have in relating the experiences of this night. I knew that it would be best left untold, except to a very few selected persons; otherwise I would be subjecting myself to ridicule and accusations as to the sincerity of my report. Somehow I knew it would be like that, and I seemed to be being forewarned of subjecting myself to this type of publicity. There seemed a definite inner something dictating secrecy and silence.

Within what seemed like a few minutes, I was again standing in my fleshly body on the now cool sand of the beach, and I knew that I had not moved that part of me at all. What had occurred was a projection of self in some form which does indeed have mass and content similar to the more dense body which is commonly used on our planet. That part of me which has form and sensitivity now actually was permeating the physical body native to this planet, and the two were again one.

The chill of dawn now became real to me, and I hurried to my beach home, which was not located directly on the beach but rather was back two short blocks from the Gulf of Mexico. Reaching the house, I ran up the stairs and sank wearily into a deck chair that we had on our sun deck which ran across the full width of the house. It was the place from which I had often witnessed the sunrise, and I noticed that the sky was getting

lighter and lighter in the east. Then I saw a disc-shaped ship flash swiftly overhead!

I sat up with a start, for I knew that was not the *Mary Bell*; she was definitely bell-shaped! This ship was smaller and more disc-shaped than anything I had ever seen pictured as a space craft. Had I been watched? If so, what would be the result? Were they friend or foe?

Then I lay back again against the stiff back of the deck chair and shut my eyes, and soon I was quite relaxed. I knew that the mental body and physical body were one again, and I felt quite secure in the knowing, when I suddenly caught myself looking through the windows of the Lobby aboard *Japhalein*! How could it be? I could still feel the deck chair! Surely I was just recalling the events of earlier that night, and looking at memory pictures.

"No, it is quite true that you are still here, Blanche," Paul's voice said. "The body that you used has been returned safely to join and become one with the denser body, but you are still here with me, and we will now proceed with our work. But first, look at me, please."

I could still see the stars and the blackness of the night through the windows, and I could not seem to turn to look at Paul. It was as though I were a pillar standing facing one direction, without mobility, without the ability to move any parts. Again, the voice. "Look at me," it said.

"How can I look at you when I have nothing to look with . . . and you are not there at all?" I deplored.

"You simply need to know where I am and you will see me. Now, come . . . try it," was the reassuring answer.

Then I opened my eyes in another direction. I was still seeing out the window, but I was also seeing the form of Paul. Incredible! It was like a double exposure on a film — two impressions impinging upon the same frame of space! “That is fine . . . now withdraw your attention from the window,” he spoke gently and so very easily.

He did not tell me how to do this. He just insisted that I do it, and I was not sure that I could. “I don’t know how,” I told myself. Then suddenly I did what he told me, and there he was, as solid as he was earlier when I had the eyes to see with.

“That is fine!” Paul acknowledged. “Now make yourself more solid,” he directed.

Oh dear, how would I ever do that? This was all new to me, and I just knew that this time he asked more of me than I was capable of. He was waiting, and I wanted to cry out to him that he gave me far too much credit for ability . . . when he suddenly spoke again. “That is very good. Thank you.”

Had I actually done it? I was somewhat amazed at the lack of effort in all of the doing he had directed me in. Then I looked down at my form, and I saw it! As though answering my unspoken question, Paul answered, “Yes, you have actually done it. Come here and see.” He was directing me now to a mirror.

It was frightening — I could still feel the deck chair! Yet there in the mirror I saw my form, the beloved form that I had not seen in many many years. Then I knew . . . this was my spiritual form, the one that I used for the Council meetings. A new perception seemed mine. No, it was in truth a perception I had always had and seldom used these days. I had even forgotten that it was possible, in my deep interest in the level of life I had been so very wrapped up in.

Paul's face was aglow. His eyes seemed to have a thousand lights in them as he said, "Now command the body to get up from the deck chair and go to bed."

I felt a bit foolish, but I did as he directed. And again . . . I did it! I was aware of the body "down there" walking the length of the sun deck . . . I felt the jarring of the heels, and the motion . . . now the handle of the screen door was impressed upon my sensitivity . . . on, through the kitchen, seeing it . . . and into the bedroom. I remained aware during the undressing of the body "down there" . . . the bathing of the form . . . the rough bath towel used in the drying process . . . then into bed . . . oh so tired. And, I had witnessed it all!

"It is much better to learn by doing. Just so long as the one who directs the doing has no personal motive," Paul informed me.

"All of this seems so new . . . yet I know it is not the first time I have done this. I feel that it is just the first time I have been aware on all three planes at the same time," I responded. "Yet that is only true lately, for I know that back in time I have done this with just as much awareness or MORE as I did just now."

"Yes, you have indeed. We are waking you on the higher planes, and it is a gradual awakening. You are a pleasure to work with, too, my dear sister." Paul's voice was warm and full of affinity.

"Now we have much to do while your mental and physical bodies rest in sleep, so let us go. Ready?"

"I am ready, Paul, and I want you to know how much I appreciate your patience. I could not have responded to a person who forced, or pushed at me," I told him, with deep feeling.

His answer to that was a smile and a reassuring hand on my arm. We moved across the Lobby and out into the corridor, turned left, went to a closet, and in a few minutes I was again in a Beetle, speeding down the tracks. This time, however, there was a noticeable lack of tension. I felt as light as a breeze, and without care, for I knew that the form I was using was actually indestructible. What a difference it made!

We had progressed through three sections of the corridor, when the little car came to a stop. Paul got out, opened a door, rolled the Beetle in onto a disc platform, pressed a lever down to a reading that indicated "4", and we were now shooting straight upward.

As we went up silently, Paul told me that we were going to the fourth level, to the Assembly Hall. I was to attend a lecture. This seemed most boring to me, in my considerations. "Why, when I have such a feather-light body, do I have to sit through a dull lecture?" I was thinking. And then I realized that Paul knew what I was thinking just as surely as though I had shouted the words, for he said to me, "Can you be content to experience something without first evaluating how it will be?"

If I had the kind of body with the kind of face that would blush, I would have. I did, however, experience the embarrassment at being caught with my thoughts, and I knew that this was something I would have to get used to again. I had been such a long time in the world of tact, diplomacy, and hypocrisy.

We were again in a corridor, very much like the one that was most familiar to me on the first level, except this fourth level was all done in a silvery gray, a very lovely shade. Except for the color, all else appeared the same.

We went through three sections of the corridor, and finally

Paul stopped the Beetle and held out his hand to me to disembark, which I did, holding onto his warm strong hand. Next, he put the Beetle in a closet as per custom, and moved alongside of me, leading me to the right and down the corridor on foot for a few feet. Then Paul stopped outside a door with a strange symbol on it, and knocked softly.

The door opened, and I saw another female. Paul introduced us and I learned her name was Saral. I was to go with her and be prepared for the assembly. When I was ready, Saral would take me to him, where he would wait for me, in one of the small anterooms. He left us then and walked away in the direction from which we had just come, and Saral closed the door.

What a lovely room I was in! Once more it was a huge room, but this time it was draped on three sides with lovely drapes of all pastel hues, blending into a lovely spectrum of color. The other wall was all mirrors, and before the mirrors were small tables, and I suddenly knew this was a sort of powder room. There was a door through which we walked and we were in another lovely room, with white carpeting, several small booths on one side, and a long tubular-shaped drum on the other side of the room.

Saral told me to remove my garments and step into the vapor drum. I did as I was told, and I was now inside of the large drum and vapors were being sprayed as a very fine mist all over my body. It was a wonderful feeling! The vapors seemed to have no temperature on impact, but there was a fragrance which was faintly reminiscent of orange blossoms. I saw that the drum was sectioned off, and I was sure that there were several compartments like the one I was in.

I was in no hurry — it was so pleasant — but very soon Saral called to me to come out, and she stood waiting to throw

a towel-like affair around my form. Only it was more like fur — so soft . . . so fluffy . . . and no roughness at all.

Very expertly and with tremendous speed, Saral had me brushed, dried, and dressed in a delicate-looking robe-like gown of pale blue. It had a silver girdle about the waist. Silver sandals of the thong variety were placed before me to step into. Then she handed me a small silver fan and turned me around to face the mirror.

If you have never seen your aesthetic form, then you cannot know the simple beauty of it. No make-up, no hairpins, no fuss, no muss — just plain and simple beauty. I was pleased with the image I saw, and wondered why I did not think to make it a bit taller and more stately-looking, but — I shrugged my shoulders — I was happy just the same.

“Now, let us go,” Saral suggested, as she moved toward the doorway with me following her.

Then I noticed that Saral, too, had changed her clothes. She had a soft pink robe-gown on, also with the silver girdle and sandals, and she had tied her beautiful honey-colored hair up with a pink ribbon.

As we proceeded to our agreed-upon meeting place, she told me that the law of cleanliness was observed in all levels of life, and that we were now to have an experience which could not be subjected to any waste matter such as accumulates on any form. We had to be clothed and cleansed for this assembly. “Our speaker tonight is one from your present planetary home. His name is Karl Marx. Do you know of him?”

“Why, I think I have heard the name,” I answered, but still had not placed it. “I don’t know, at the moment, what I

have heard. But it will come to me, I am sure.” And I was right! It sure did!

CHAPTER

5

A COMPLETE CIVILIZATION

In order to keep this report as factual and as much in sequence as I can, it is proper and fitting that I go on past the lecture subject and the resulting conference which I attended. I was told that it was not the time to reveal the things I had learned, but that there would be a time — “within three years, your time” — that I would let it be known as a part of the new-age evolutionary preparation. So, for this time, to keep things in their proper sequence, I will withhold the information. But I assure you it is included in this story, and will be found later in the report at the point in the sequence of events where it was given clearance.

Paul and I left the Assembly Hall, walking slowly and silently to the corridor. We moved through the crowd without touching anyone, just as though everyone stood aside for us, which in reality they did not do. But the crowded conditions did not seem the same as crowds I had seen before, where pushing and bumping was a part of it. No, in this “crowd” there was a definite order, a contentment for each to occupy the space his form was in, and to move it out of that space, as he would, without being urged in any way. It impressed me tremendously, for I felt somewhat as though I were revered enough not to be walked over or tossed aside in someone’s great need to hurry, hurry, hurry.

"We will go for a 'refresher', and then I will have you shown around for a while before we end this visit. Would you like that?" Paul finally broke the silence, and I realized that I was not conscious of turning into the corridor or in which direction we had turned upon leaving the Assembly Hall. I turned and looked back quickly to see if I could see where the others were leaving the Hall, and I was greatly surprised to note that we had progressed about one hundred yards along the corridor and that we had turned right upon leaving the Hall. Once oriented, I turned back to Paul and answered him. "Yes, I would like that. I can see that I have lots of things to think about and to set myself straight on. I have been more or less content to understand things from the viewpoints which are presented through the press and other methods of communication on my planet, and I can see now that the commentaries and reports made are not anything more than wild guesses, as to events which are predicted, and especially the purposes." I was very serious.

"All in due time, my dear," Paul answered.

Now we were entering through a door into a large Salon, and I could see many people were already there and others seemed to be heading in this direction, as I looked back over my shoulder once more. The Salon was in a very soft shade of green, with much gold in the trimming, the fixtures, the furnishings, and the other decorations. It was also a very large room, with about two hundred tables arranged neatly over the tremendous expanse of floor. Once more I noticed greenery near the windows, lovely ferny plants, somewhat taller than the ones I had seen in the Lobby.

There were four to six chairs at all of the tables, and about half of them were filled with people talking softly, so that the over-all sound was like the drone of a large airplane at

a great distance. It was pleasing to hear, and there was an occasional laugh which seemed to break the monotony of the drone.

One thing above all else stood out for me, and that was the fact that every one of the people was dressed like Paul or me. The females all had on the same robe-gown with silver girdle and sandals, that I had on. The only difference was that there were seven different pastel colors among them, I noted, and deliberately counted the colors . . . blue, pink, yellow, green, lavender, peach, aqua . . . all pastel hues. It was a lovely sight.

The men all had on tunics which were hip-length, and fitted trousers which went to the ankles, and they also wore sandals. The colors of the men's outfits were in two shades of brown, two shades of green, two shades of blue, and red. Paul was again in red. I saw five other males in the room in red garments, but only their tunics were red; their trousers were white.

I knew that Paul is the Supreme Commander of the ship, but I saw no one salute him or even pay any special attention to him. This seemed pleasant to me also, that he could roam freely about without having people grab onto him or seek him out for his attention or in any way impose upon him.

We were now standing before a very large dispenser, similar in design to our large coffee urns, but much larger than any I had seen heretofore, and made entirely of glass (or whatever it was, which looked like glass to me). In one side of this large urn was a creamy-looking fluid, and in the other side was a pinkish fluid. Both looked very palatable, so that when Paul asked which I preferred, I was not sure. So he took two of the smaller cups and drew a small amount from each, and then a large cup, for himself, of the creamy-looking preparation.

As we walked to a table, I asked him what these drinks were, and he told me that they were preparations made from actual plant and insect life — nectar and pulp and fluid. He said that the closest thing to it that we have on our planet is honey, passion fruit, nuts, and certain cereals. He said that the preparation is made much like we make our punch, and that it is a “refresher”. Later I learned that every bit of the preparation is entirely absorbed by the forms which are prevalent on *Japhalein*, and that there is no elimination such as we are accustomed to.

There is no other name for the drink. There is no other food. There is water. Each person has a different requirement as to how much water and how much “refresher” he consumes during a “phase” (which is the same thing as we mean when we say “day”). There is an average amount of “refresher”, Paul told me, and that is the equivalent of our pint — one pint per person. Though he did say that sometimes no “refresher” is used, by himself or others, but only water, for as many as eight phases (days). This is due to the varied rates of absorption, and for no other reason.

Soon we were sitting at a table. As I looked around, I saw Fina sitting close by and she waved to me and smiled, and I returned the greeting in the same fashion. Far over on the other side of the Salon, I saw Mara sitting with Saral and two others, but they did not seem to see me.

Paul did not interrupt my observations, and within a few minutes I realized that I was ignoring him totally . . . and I looked to see if he seemed to mind. He did not. He had the same patient expression on his face, and was watching me with much pleasure. I just knew somehow.

I tasted the “refresher”, and I cannot do justice to it with a description. It had a semi-sweet flavor, was room temperature, and seemed exceptionally smooth of texture. It just seemed to flow down my throat like oil, and was most pleasant. I noted that was the creamy-looking “refresher”. So naturally I sipped at the pinkish-looking one, and found it to be quite bland, hardly any flavor or detectable temperature. It seemed to be similar to gruel, except that it had a sort of perfume about it which was barely detectable, and was neither sweet nor tart. I decided I liked that one best, for I did not seem to have a sweet tooth and preferred things that were not too sweet. I must admit here that the creamy “refresher” was not TOO sweet; it was very good. However, if I were to tire of one of these food-drinks, it would have been the creamy one first, I was sure. (Little knowing then that one tires of anything ONLY when one fails to create it with desire. There is no other reason, really.)

Well, I could not drink all of both of the “refreshers”; I could see that at once. So I concentrated on the pink one and drank about six ounces of it, and felt very comfortable, needing no more.

Shem now walked up to our table and inquired of me how I was enjoying everything. I replied that I was thrilled to participate in the actual events, rather than to have special events planned JUST for me. I noted that he and Paul exchanged a quick smile over that statement, and I got very suspicious then — suspicious of my own stupidity at accepting all of these things as being “routine”. And then I realized for the first time that the lecture had been planned especially for my visit. I felt a little silly, but I didn’t have to, for no one was ridiculing me; they just wondered when I would realize that I was a “planned-for guest”. Paul invited Shem to sit with us, and I caught from their exchange that it was a prearranged appointment, also.

We had a nice conversation that had to do with the lecture, and I was permitted to ask a few questions which had not been too clear to me. Then I was told by Paul that he thought I would like to spend the rest of this visit in looking over the ship, so he had arranged it with Shem to guide me; he would be in his own quarters, and when we were through, Shem was to take me there to him. Then he politely asked to be excused, and left us.

Shem said, "Shall we start here, in the Salon?"

"Yes, that will be fine," I answered, wondering how he could ask that, for we already had, I thought.

"Come," Shem invited.

We walked the length of the Salon, and in doing so, I saw Nor and two of the Statistics Chamber crew whom I did not know by name but who smiled in recognition.

We reached the end of the wall we were walking alongside of, and I saw a double door, through which we went. On the door were the letters "C-u-l-i-n-a-r-y A-r-t-s". (I liked that very much; it seemed to show respect for the preparers of the "refresher".)

Within the room now, I saw that there were several people, both male and female, all dressed in white, with small caps on their heads and plastic-type gloves on their hands. Some of them were cleaning fruit; others were preparing what looked like nuts. There were large measuring cups, which I felt must hold about a gallon of fluid or food, and these were being measured full of fruit, nuts, and some thick substance (like honey) into a gigantic piece of equipment, again made of glass. Shem explained its operation to me, and I compared it to our own blenders. I stood and watched the operator turn on the machine, and watched the motion of the ingredients as they

hurried around the container in an attempt to blend. The process took several minutes. Then the operator turned off the machine and opened a valve, and the contents of the "blender" ran out of a glass tube or pipe-like channel into a waiting urn, which I knew had been cleaned and was ready to receive the contents. I was very interested in all of this. Then, as though reading my mind, Shem offered, "In your tongue, there would be 2,000 gallons in this lot. This will take care of the daily requirements of 15,000 people. These tanks are irradiated from within with what you call 'ultraviolet' so that there is no spoilage, ever. We do not have the same problem that you do with bacteria, due to the radiation intensity here. But we are always aware that contamination might occur, so we use preventive methods rather than corrective ones."

We lingered a while longer, for I wanted to see the preparation of the foods and watch the efficiency of the crew, which was incredible, for there was no waste motion — every movement counted. There was no such thing as waste, and the entire preparation was over with no trace of anything undone. No great cleaning job needed to follow, for the cleaning and putting into order took place right along with the actual work. It really was quite educational to watch this operation, and I learned a lot of things about my own wasted motion, things which have been highly useful to me since then.

From the Culinary Arts room, we went through a swinging door into a large storage room where there were compartments built right in like our kitchen cupboards, and each ingredient of the "refresher" was closeted separately. There were enormous supplies, it seemed to me, and then I had to realize that the consumption was very small in comparison with our needs on my planet. Shem told me that small craft bring in their food every forty-five phases, and that they have never even come close to running out of supplies. Most of the supplies come from

a celestial body called a "mansion", the like of which we do not have in our solar system YET.

Large storage vats for water were also in this compartmented room. I was told by Shem that the water is actually made from the vapors in the air, and purified, again with ultraviolet rays. A suction valve which has an exterior opening is opened each phase, and the vapors from the atmosphere are sucked in through the valve and converted into water.

He drew me about two ounces of the water so I could taste it, and I found it just as good as any spring water I had ever tasted. Again, it was room temperature, it seemed to me. So I inquired about the use of refrigeration, and Shem told me there is no need of it, and that extreme cold and extreme heat are never used at any time for any purpose as far as the intake of the forms, or cleansing, or any other similar use. He said that thermal misuse is a cause of disease on my planet, and I thought I knew some of what he meant, so I did not ask any questions about it. I found out later that I didn't begin to understand.

When I had indicated that I had seen enough of the storage compartments, we left that room and went back into the main corridor. Shem went to one of the closets and got out a Beetle, set it on the tracks, and invited me to get in, which I did. I was getting to where I liked Beetle riding — it was lots of fun.

We went through seven sections of the fourth-level corridor, and turned off to the left into one of the branching corridors. Shem slowed the Beetle down to a crawl, and started pointing and speaking. "You see that spherically-shaped room there . . . that is our Laundry. The clothes are segregated and put into those little chutes that you see opening into the ante-

chamber, and they are never touched again until they are folded and ready to be returned. Each of those chutes deals with a certain section of our living quarters. All clothing is not only washed but also disinfected — again, this is a preventive rather than a corrective measure. The ‘weekly wash’ of the occupants of Level Four is done here, each in just a matter of minutes. As they stand and chat, the clothes are handled, and returned in this chute, all ready to go. Each monitor of each wing has a special chute.”

The Laundry was in operation at that time, or Shem would have taken me inside to see the mechanism. He did explain to me that the separating of garments is done by something similar to our electronic thickness-measuring devices. Weight determines what solution the garment should be washed in — not the weight of the garment, but rather weight of fabric. All fabrics are called “linen”, I discovered, and they are all very different from anything we have. The closest would be dacron, and that is still considerably different.

The washing and rinsing, sorting before and after, and all folding, is done completely by automatically controlled devices. No ironing is ever needed, for no garment is of the nature to be ironed — there are never any wrinkles. Shem also told me that each person aboard *Japhalein* has a wardrobe, from skin out, of twelve complete outfits, and this includes shoes, boots, and sandals, as they are required. Most people work in their bare feet, and this is one of the secrets of why they seldom (if ever) experience tiredness. No mass ever builds up in the field of the body to tire them. Any accumulation is exhausted through the bare feet. (Which is something we had discovered about two years earlier, my co-workers and I.) Also, according to Shem, the type of body used aboard *Japhalein* releases incompatibles very quickly.

There are Laundries of this nature on each level, and it takes no one's time to handle great volumes of laundry. The only requirement is a routine check on the equipment occasionally, and that the maintenance crew handles, as they do all other such machines and equipment.

I never realized I could be so interested in a laundry procedure, but I was. I asked many more questions about the materials, the solutions he had referred to, and Shem answered each question clearly and definitely. I will not go into the details, for they really are not pertinent to the report except, as I have already said, that I found them interesting.

Now that I had satisfied my curiosity, Shem started the Beetle in motion again. After going a few feet, he turned it to the right into another of the branch corridors. I could see that the doors along this smaller corridor were closer together than in the main corridors, and Shem soon answered my unspoken question by telling me that we were now in the private living quarters section of Level Four.

"There are 2,000 people who live here," he said. He pointed out that the main corridor has many branches off of it, also, and that the rooms are set out in blocks, just like in our big cities. Each level of *Japhalein* is the same, with one exception, that being that on Level One the living quarters are forward, on Level Two they are aft, on Level Three they are forward, on Level Four they are aft, and so on throughout nine levels of the ship. (I assumed this is for the best balance, but did not ask.) Level Ten is different, Shem told me.

The Beetle stopped, and Shem got up from his jump-seat (at least that is what I call it) and held out his hand to me after climbing out of the little car. I took his hand, and as I got out, he told me that he was going to show me one of the living

quarters so that I could have some idea of how they are arranged. He said that there are empty living quarters on each floor, and that the one he would show me is not occupied. Even though I thought that was strange, I did not ask any questions at that time. I just walked along with him as he talked, until he came to a corner suite on one of the blocks and opened the door and stepped back for me to go on ahead of him.

The room I stepped into was once more in green, a light lovely green like new lettuce, and it was completely trimmed in white — spotless and pleasant.

This room had four lounge-type chairs, and by each chair was a small table. The floor covering was the same quality as I had seen in the "powder room" and had the same soft fur-like quality, I could see, for I still had on the sandals, and did not feel it. I would say the room was about ten by twelve feet, and it was bright and inviting. Shem showed me how the lighting is controlled by a thing which looked very much like a thermostat, as we know them. The readings were from "1" to "15". I asked him to show me the various levels of lighting, and he walked over to the control and turned it to "1". The lights went down to a bare glow, like a tiny nite-light would emit. Then he set it at "7", and that seemed about how it was when we entered. Then at "15", and it was as bright as full sunlight. He told me that the control was a thermostat, and that I was correct in that idea, when I expressed it to him.

"Our lights are all controlled rays, and they do have various heat factors," Shem added, as we started into a tiny hall-like affair into the adjoining room. On one side of the hall was a small but complete dressing room; on the other side was the "powder room", which had one of the vapor drums, and a small sink just like those we know. (Toilets are not used, for there is no waste eliminated from these forms.)

The next room was the bedroom, and all of the furniture was built in. There were two beds, two nite-stands, and two benches. One wall was all drape-covered windows; each block had an outer wall, and this happened to be one of the outside suites. Shem told me that each of the living quarters is exactly like this one, except for individual creations as to color schemes and other personal additions. He also said that each one of the suites is occupied by a couple, male and female. (I wanted to know more about that, but I felt a bit too modest to ask him. I would ask Paul, I told myself.)

We left the suite and got back into the Beetle, and away we went again. Shem took me completely around one of the blocks so that I could have a better idea of the size of them, and then the next thing I knew, we were back in the main corridor again. We went through two more sections of that main corridor, and there was something new — glass windows all along the corridor, just like big plate glass store windows that I knew about. I could see that there were such things as repair shops for shoes, clothing, and also dispensing shops, and Shem said that worn-out garments are traded for new ones. The worn-out ones are disintegrated as fuel for the ship's ventilating system. No waste again, I noted.

We passed a beauty salon, a barber shop, and a dispensary for bulletins which are like our newspapers. It was a small shop, but I could see that there were bulletins all coupled together with some kind of plastic rings, and I was told that this is for reference back in time to any issue of the bulletin, which is put out each phase by the High Command. There were waste shoots along the main corridors, where the bulletins are deposited after being read; these bulletins are returned, the ink is removed, and they are used over and over again until they wear out, and then they, too, become fuel. The bulletins are done in symbols, and are about ten by twelve inches in size, with about six pages. They

are on the wood-like "paper" that I had seen Fina hand to Paul in the Statistics Chamber.

As we drove on past these various shops, I saw a flower shop and I was a bit surprised at that, but Shem assured me that the females on this ship are just like our females — they all love flowers. The flowers are grown aboard *Japhalein*, he told me. That, too, was surprising and I asked him more about it, and he said he would show me later — for now, I should look as much as we had time for, and see all that I could, for we would soon be going to the ninth level. We went along the corridor at a rate which permitted me to turn my head from side to side. I saw a large shop where the garments are made, and saw lots of people, both male and female, working at machines which Shem called "seamers", which are used to put the garments together.

There was a fragrance shop, a tailor shop, a hobby shop, a small snack bar for "refreshers", and just about everything you can imagine except a grocery or drug store. Those things they do not have. No need.

From there, we went into one of the "elevators" and up to the ninth level, and we were again in a corridor; this one was painted (I assume it was paint) a very bright red, with gold trim and gold ceiling. We went into the next section of the corridor from where we had come out of the "elevator", and Shem told me we would get out of the Beetle. We did, he put the Beetle in a closet, and we entered a room which was fairly dark. I could see various flashing lights, and lots of faint outlines of equipment of some nature, and lots of people.

As my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I could see that there were many controls in this room, and that the people were all seated before panels which were covered with dials and

gauges. The room looked similar in some ways to the Statistics Chamber. This is the Outflowing Communications room, I was told, and these people are in contact with every inhabited body within our galaxy. Each person is called a "monitor", and communicates directly to the areas he is assigned to. All of the communication is done by a wireless method, and the receiver is contacted through his own force field or mind (Shem said they were the same thing).

"Now, here is the section which deals with 'Covenant 666'. Come, and I will show you how it works," Shem offered.

As I stepped up to the panel, I could see a tape like a ticker tape, speeding out of its container, covered with symbols. Shem explained that this monitor is in contact with a "sensitive" on my planet who is sending information to the monitor in a way that we know as prayer. I did not ask what the message was, for I felt suddenly that I would be invading someone's privacy. I just watched the monitor record certain symbols on another tape by using a small thing which looked like an adding machine in most respects.

"The monitor sends to the High Command on that instrument," Shem told me, pointing to another large machine. "That way, all immaterial information is filtered out so that the High Command only comes into contact with relevant materials which deal with whatever age they are in."

I spent quite some time looking over the various activities, and was informed by Shem that even the weather information from various sections of my planet is received, sometimes through conscious senders and other times through unconscious ones. (Lots of people are not aware of the telepathic communication they engage in, and the Central Communications System must

monitor all of those idle thoughts so that no harm to others can come of it.)

“My goodness, if people knew that their thoughts were being received — the things they think and don’t say — they would sure be careful of what they thought, wouldn’t they?” I asked.

“Yes,” said Shem, “but that is a lesson for your people to learn yet. They do not have the slightest inkling, in most cases, that their thoughts are sent out, so it means that we must monitor them, or they could accumulate somewhere within the galaxy and interfere with the progress of our motion through space.”

I wondered whether or not I would ever tell this to anyone. Seemed like it would not be believed in most cases, and could be very upsetting in others.

We left the Outflowing Communications room, and went into another large room that had small booths on each side of the room. There was a faint smell of incense or something that smelled like it, and Shem reduced his voice to a whisper when he said, just before we entered, “This is the Meditation Lobby.”

He allowed me to look, then motioned me to join him again, and to go out into the corridor, where he told me that anyone who wishes to meditate can go into these specially constructed booths and lie down. The booths are about four by eight feet, and each one has a plastic cot in it, with no pillow or any covering on the cot. This room is always kept in silence, and no one ever speaks in it.

Once more we went out into the corridor — we walked this time — and as we passed various doors, Shem told me

what they were. There was one he referred to as the Universal Library, which I thought I might be able to spend a few million years in, for all of the recorded data that comes in by inter-television methods and by the "receivers" used by the monitors is kept there; it is a complete recorded history of our galaxy and its influence upon other galaxies, and theirs upon ours. I felt it must certainly be a storehouse of information, alright.

There was another chamber wherein all radiations are measured under an alarm system setup. Where radiation becomes too intense for the survival of forms in any area of our galaxy, the galactic alarm goes off, and certain neutralizing elements are immediately released into that zone. It is a fantastic automatic alarm system, and is made simple by the use of indicative numbers assigned to the variety of bodies (celestial bodies) which are under surveillance within our galaxy.

As we walked along the corridor, Shem told me of many things. He explained that each post aboard *Japhalein* is covered at all times, that there is no day or night as I know them, and that the people aboard *Japhalein* have been there for varied amounts of time. Some are in the orientational periods, others are junior members, others are senior members, then the Elders, and the officers. He made it all seem perfectly simple and very rational, but even at that, I could see me trying to explain all of this.

"How did this ship come into existence in the first place?" I asked, for I felt that the time might come when I would tell of my experience, and there would surely be interest in the answer to this question.

"That is one of the miracles our Captain, Paul, will tell you about, if you ask him," Shem told me, with an expression on his face that foretold of great inspiration.

"I sure will," I responded, for I just somehow knew that this was a story with no equal.

Down the hall, I saw a few men and women come out of a door and start walking toward us . . . then within a few seconds, a few more . . . and then more, out of the different doors . . . and soon there were probably two hundred people walking along the corridor in both directions. I knew before Shem told me, that they were being relieved of their posts, and that another "shift" was taking over.

"I was to take you to Paul's quarters when the duty shift changed, so we had better get on," Shem suggested.

He brought out a Beetle, and away we went again, down the corridor for about one hundred feet, into an "elevator" (I don't know what they call them), and then up to Level Ten. Out of the "elevator" and down the corridor we went at what seemed great speed to me. I was anxious to see Paul and ask him all of the questions I had.

CHAPTER

6

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Paul summoned us to “come in”, when Shem had pressed a buzzer outside of a door — A RED DOOR. We went in, and Paul was standing in the middle of a room which was completely surrounded by windows; it was a round room, and was about fifty feet in diameter, it seemed to me. I looked at Paul and saw that he had once more put on his regular uniform, which is not as ornate as his assembly-going one, and he had the same wonderful expression of kindness on his face as he walked over to where Shem and I had stopped.

“Well, did you enjoy your survey?” Paul asked me.

“Oh, it was wonderful, and Shem was so patient with me. I am afraid I am pretty dense about understanding some things, but I did enjoy it all. This ship is just like a complete civilization, independent of everything else,” I said in reply.

“Yes, it is becoming more and more self-sufficient. We still have a few needs, but they are very few compared to what they have been in the past. Our evolution rate has been very rapid. Outside of some fresh foods, we have everything we need right here,” Paul agreed.

“She has lots of questions to ask of you, Paul,” Shem put

in, "so I will go along now and check on my reports, if that is alright."

"Yes, Shem, you go along, and thank you very much for the favor," Paul replied.

I impulsively grabbed Shem's hand, and blurted out, "Oh yes, thank you ever so much. I just can't tell you what it all meant to me, and how much I do appreciate your patience with all of my questions. Thank you! Thank you!"

Shem literally beamed! He placed his free hand over mine, with which I had grabbed his hand, and he shook my hand slightly as he answered, "You are most welcome. It was a real pleasure for me to see *Japhalein* through your eyes. I enjoyed it very much. Come again, any time, and I will be happy to be assigned to guide you through other parts of the ship. You have hardly seen any of it yet."

I repeated, "Thank you, Shem. I want to come any time I can." I looked at Paul to see what he might say, but he didn't say anything.

Paul spoke to Shem in some kind of symbology that sounded like, "Eggle-dong goat-shang," etc., etc., etc. And with that, Shem smilingly took his leave, and Paul escorted me over to a half-round chair and invited me to sit with him before the open expanse of windows.

We talked for a while about what I had seen, and Paul explained to me that he thought I should have an idea of the vastness of the ship, and what was provided aboard her, and I hastily agreed that he was right. I could never have imagined all that I saw, for there was expanse of corridors like I never

dreamed of, for example. That was true of many other things, also.

“You will soon be waking your body of Earth dimension, and I think we had better set things so that you will not be disturbed by it. Do you agree?” Paul offered.

“Yes, I do agree, and thank you for your thoughtfulness,” I answered him. I wondered how come I could understand everything he said, but could not always understand Shem. Paul’s terms were often new to me, too, but I somehow knew what it would mean in my language.

“Well, then, place your attention on your densest form,” Paul directed.

I thought I knew what he meant, so I just did it . . . and then answered, “Okay.”

“Fine. Now place the thoughts in the mind that it is a good day for leisure, and that the body will wake up, hungry, and will eat, and converse with the other residents on the subjects of their origination, and then spend most of the time until you return to it, reading something light,” Paul again directed.

I thought of what I would like to eat DOWN THERE, and what I would like to read down there, and that I would enjoy casual conversation, recording it all so I could look it over at my leisure, should I wish to. And then again I said, “Okay.”

“Good!” exclaimed Paul. Then he added, “Now see if you can experience the waking of the body down there.”

Once more I placed my attention back on the body “down there”, and I was aware of light shining in my eyes from the

window which faced west. I heard music coming from somewhere in the house, and some voices outside. Then I opened those eyes and saw that room -- faintly, to be sure, but I saw it!

"Paul, I did it!" I said from "down there", and it seemed to me that the voice nearly screamed the words.

"That is fine! Now withdraw your attention, for it is not yet time to allow entrance into that level, of what we will speak," Paul said.

"Okay," I replied after a few seconds, so that I was sure that I was ALL here.

"That is good! Now we can get on," Paul acknowledged.

I went on describing what I had experienced to Paul as though it were all new to him, I later realized. I must have talked to him for twenty minutes, and he just sat, interested and listening, with an occasional smile. Finally, I was aware that all of this was new only to ME! Yet, it was not new! I was sure that I had done all of these things by myself, without anyone directing me, somewhere in time, and Paul had already confirmed that for me earlier. I knew, too, that I could still do it if I but thought of it. It took another person to help me think of it, for I was so absorbed in world affairs and little interests that I just didn't bother to make things too easy for myself. It seemed I enjoyed problems and doing things the hard way. I offered this thought to Paul, and his smile broadened. "It would be unusual if you didn't feel that way, my dear," he told me.

"Paul, Shem told me that you have flowers growing aboard, and that I would see them later. But I didn't see them today. Where are they?" I asked.

"They are on the first level, which you entered when you came aboard. About one-third of the ship on the first level is all flowers, herbs, and trees. We have a way of growing things, which is unique when one considers soil needs. We use chemicals and water only," Paul answered me.

"We have a method we call 'hydroponics' or something like that. Is that something like what you mean?" I asked him.

"Yes, that is the same principle." Then he went on. "You see, we use some of the flower petals in our 'refresher'. You must have noticed a delicate perfume flavor. Well, that is a flower called 'Agraca', which means, in our universal language, 'scent of the gods'. It provides certain nutrients for this density of form," he finished.

"You must, too, have noted that in your vapor bath there was a scent. Well, that is the by-product of Agraca when the nutrients have been extracted." This appeared to have been an afterthought with Paul.

I was thinking to myself, "My goodness, what a wonderful life it must be here," when Paul spoke again.

"Those who dwell here are blissful in their work, their love, and their ability to inspire higher levels of life in others."

He had read my thoughts again! He was now smiling at me, and all of a sudden I got the thought, "How pitiful it is that one must be taught newly that there is no hidden thought for the perceptive." And somehow I knew I was reading Paul's thoughts!

He confirmed this to me in what he said next.

"When we have gotten you used to thought transference again, we will never be out of communication, my dear sister. It is this that we are waking you to. You have everything else, and it is now time that you take a measure of responsibility for the greater plan. You have played for quite a while, like the child you are, but it is time for you to learn the lessons of responsibility and waken to the role that you have chosen to play. And so, this is the time, and here we are."

"Will you be the one to reteach me all of the things I seem to have forgotten?" I asked, with hope in my heart and my face.

"Yes, of course . . . I am the one," Paul answered, then added, "It would be better to say, it is my turn to do this service for you, for you have, in the past, served me in this very way."

"There were so many things that I had to ask you, as I was looking over the ship. And now they seem to have gotten mislaid somewhere." I felt very foolish in this admission.

"Perhaps I can help you recall some of them. Shall we give it a try?" Paul asked.

"Yes, I feel that I should know all that I can know, and there are so many things which seem so new to me, that I cannot seem to get myself straightened out," I answered.

"What is it you would like to know about the origin of *Japhalein*?" Paul queried.

"Oh, that was one thing. I asked Shem how this ship came into being in the first place, and he said you would tell me if I asked. So, now I ask. How did it come into being, Paul?"

I responded. (But I knew again that Paul had seen my thoughts and knew I wanted this question answered. He could even get the thoughts that I had mislaid. That was wonderful!)

“Very well, I will answer you, but I ask for you to give me your attention, for your thoughts will get in your own way if you do not. For instance, what you were just now considering about my picking up your thoughts. You had just asked me a question, and then went into thought, and I prefer that you stay with me long enough to get my answer. Can you do that?” Paul admonished me in a kindly manner, and with a sincere appeal for my cooperation.

“Oh, yes. That is rather rude, isn’t it? I mean, when you are in the presence of one who can pick up thought. I hadn’t realized that before. Thank you for having me look at that. Now I will try to control my attention, for I do want to know the history of *Japhalein*,” I said.

“Thank you. Now, to understand this story to its fullest, it might help you to see the picture of how things were in our galaxy before *Japhalein*. In those times, there was a great confusion of communication. Things seemed to accumulate in various sections of our galaxy, and it required that crews be on the alert all the time, and run to and fro with neutralizing elements and progressive information to various parts of the galaxy. As an example, there were three different people on three different planets, working to invent the electric light bulb, and all of the information that they gave out, communicated to each other. One of them would have a thought, and conduct certain research and find it unsatisfactory. But by that time, his thought had gone on to another, who went through the same difficulty, needlessly. Under present procedures, the constructive information would have been communicated, with the failures eliminated, to prevent needless waste of time, mostly, for there is a need within man to win, and we like to see it that way.

"Planetary conditions were becoming utterly confusing, and the more man progressed, the more he thought about progress, and the more the pressure to progress in other parts of the galaxy. So the Elders sat in Council and listened to the problems of the crews and corps of what you call 'angels' and the many demands made upon the messengers, and they considered what would be the best solution. The messengers and other participants in these events were consulted, and one of them, whom you know now as Gabriel on your planet, and who is assigned to that planet, suggested that we should have some central control, so that creative imagination could be nourished by spirit without interference from others who had interest in similar projects on different planets and 'mansions'. It was seen that counterforces could also come under some measure of control, so that our forces would not be short-circuited or interfered with. So, after much deliberation, it was decided that a 'satellite planet' be created and placed into orbit.

"The project was to be communicated about amongst the humans, the mentals, and the spirits who dwelt in our galaxy, and they were to combine their creative thought into a huge, completely equipped satellite. Everyone was to have a part in this project, who had any endowment at all. A time was set, by chart, for a general Council meeting, and at that meeting all material would be considered, and the decisions which seemed the most optimum would be put immediately into effect." Paul stood up, walked a few feet away from where I sat facing him, and then turned around, walked back, and sat down again as he had been before this pause.

He continued. "I recall how exciting those days, or phases, were. Everyone wanted to be sure that nothing was left out of the plan, and it grew and grew with interest and with sincerity of purpose. The contributions made were all made in eagerness for benefit to the whole of the galaxy, and, being made with

such thoughts, could not help but grow. The scurrying, the collaboration, the insistence upon perfection, were wonderful to behold, I assure you. Heads were put together, and when they had reached an agreement, they took their plan further, and other heads were put together on what had been accomplished. The plans changed and became more and more perfect with each conference. It finally came to the point where the lighting, plumbing, ventilation, and all other equipment were taken into one group, the floor plans taken by another group, materials and facilities by another, until the entire thing was completely departmentized.

"Each department went to work to perfect its part of the project, and this took many thousands of years, as you measure time. Finally, the departments began to report to the Galactic Council, one by one, that they believed themselves ready to make their contributions. Upon receipt of the announced readiness, the Galactic Council then asked them to 'Hold' at the point where they were, until all others were ready. Then, the meeting came about, at last!

"In much the same way your scientists go about the construction of a space laboratory, our crews set about the construction of this gigantic vehicle.

"I could talk to you for hours regarding the many pitfalls and problems, and the attitudes with which this work was done. It was the most inspirational experience I have ever had. At that time, I was a herald between the planets Venus and Mercury, and the work was interesting and helpful to me in what I was to find myself doing later." Paul again rose from his chair, walked a few feet, stopped, and stood silently, with his left hand cupping his chin. Then he turned to me and enthusiastically offered, "Would you like to see some of the photographs that were made in some of the laboratories while the ship was being constructed?"

"Yes, very much," I answered, and again caught myself thinking, "What was he studying there when he was so silent? Could it be the futility of words?" (Somehow that thought entered my sphere of influence, and I could not help but wonder if it was because Paul had thought it.)

"We will have to make some arrangements for that. But we can, and it will be set for your next visit," he promised.

"Very well, but I thought you meant NOW," I answered, without the tact needed to keep the disappointment out of my voice.

Paul walked over to the small couch and sat down again, quietly. It was several minutes (to me) before he spoke, and though I was waiting for him to say something, his voice went through me like a knife when he finally broke the silence. "*Japhalein* is much like a space platform or a satellite that your scientists place into orbit. There are very few basic differences at all. Everything was precision machined and tested before installation and permanent assignment. Time cannot be measured, for it was not in the same time-continuum that you are familiar with."

He paused again, as though wondering how to help me understand. And then he said, "The materials of which this entire vehicle is made are what you would call 'meteors' — the hardest, most imperishable material that exists in our galaxy. These meteoric materials are reduced to particles by enormous heat, and then the aging or destructive qualities are extracted. Then, with heat again, the particles form a community which becomes solid. After that, intense cold is used to fuse the sheets of the resultant material together. This heat and cold is provided differently than you might imagine, Blanche, for it is done entirely with rays. Entirely!

"The original crew of *Japhalein* was made up of ten representatives from each of our 144 star systems in our galaxy. There were five females and five males from each system. Since then, we have grown to over 18,000, and still do not have our complete complement of personnel.

"Using your time factor, it comes out like this: Every thirty-three years, we gather from each of the star systems the ten most highly endowed persons who wish to participate. Impulsive choice of personnel has no part in this program. Some come to achieve certain arts and skills, and then go on to other works. Those who stay attain official status and become the teachers of those who come later. When the number of personnel who have attained official status reaches 24,000, then new vehicles will be placed into orbit, and the galaxy will become more and more 'departmentized', so to speak.

"Now it is my wish that you rest, return to your body, and think about all of this. Consider it, weigh it, and have fun doing so. You have had enough to handle for this visit, and the next visit is not too far off," Paul informed me. And before I could answer . . . I was aware of reading a "technical bulletin" of a noted author, and had taken on my two other forms, all in one again. **JUST LIKE THAT!**

CHAPTER

7

KARL MARX — SAVIOR?

For nearly a week after that experience, I was in sort of a half-daze, for I kept doubting that I was “worthy” of such a treat. I had moments and hours of great despondency, and through that period I wondered if I was “losing my mind”. The recall of the fascinating journey was as vivid as the scenery I looked at with my physical eyes each and every day, and I KNEW it was all true. But at the same time, there was the incredibility, which I could not seem to dispense with. After all, you do not just walk down the street and talk to people about visiting the mother ship of this galaxy. They would surely think you crazy . . . and maybe you were.

One night, one of my associates and I were fishing from a bridge. (We often did this at night, until long after midnight — and incidentally, caught lots of trout.) There had been many people on the bridge, but they had dwindled away as the night wore on. As I recall, it was nearly two o'clock in the morning and we were just getting ready to pack our gear and go home, when I caught sight of a bright blue flash in the sky to the east. I told my companion, excitedly, “Look!”

It seemed only a few hundred feet away from the bridge, and not more than one hundred feet in the air. My companion just caught a glimpse of it, and it disappeared. Again, like the first time I had a sighting, there was a bright remaining aura

which took several seconds to diminish and finally vanish altogether.

I had informed this companion of my trip to *Japhalein*, for we were in close association in our group, and we withheld no secrets from each other if we could help it. So he knew about the experience, and had some thoughts about it which he had expressed, which seemed specifically designed to keep me from invalidating myself.

We had been readying ourselves to go home, as I have already said, but we lingered a bit to see if there was something further to develop. Finally we gave up and drove home, watching the clear night skies as we went, but saw nothing further.

Upon reaching home, I had little desire to end the day. So I bathed the body, donned a fresh robe, and went out onto the sun deck to enjoy the semidarkness, for the moon was nearly full and the night perfume, so familiar to Floridians, was at its peak this time of year. I relaxed in one of the lounge chairs and allowed myself to wander into the recall of my visit aboard *Japhalein*. With great interest, I reviewed the steps, one by one, of all the things that I saw and heard, and I found myself lingering on the address by Karl Marx, which I was very interested in. He had told his audience at that lecture that "the signal for the worthies" would go out on the planet which was identified as "Covenant 666", and that the spiritual arousing of 144,000 Beings would come almost overnight as far as our time values within the galaxy were concerned, but that in the time-streams where the events occurred, it would be two years, and then the alarm would sound ("twenty-four months," he said).

It had been interesting to me that this man, who had left behind him an economic influence like none ever had before to date, joked a bit about economic reform. He chuckled when he offered to his audience a look at the social reform which accompanies any economic reform but goes unseen in the lust for wealth. He had the perfect plan, and he had left the route well marked so that those who would come after him could not help but find "the bottomless pit".

I had been shocked to hear this, for according to my information on Marx, his theories seemed to have an entirely different purpose. BUT I COULD SEE THE PLAN! It was incredibly simple!

The genius which had defined the works of Karl Marx was a guided one! The main goal of the work was to separate out all of the noncompatibles, and to have them show themselves for all to see, ultimately. But first, the undermining, the underground activity; the tremendous effort to dominate every nation, every creed, every religion; and having selfishly selected themselves upon the side of evil, to provide also for themselves their own destruction, for without God they could not survive their own "holocaust".

This was a most exciting thought, and I recalled that Paul had told me that I would align all of these things according to my own rate of acceptance into reality. He had been so right! By this time, I was sitting straight up in the chair. The excitement was so tremendous, I felt like laughing aloud and then jumping for joy, for I could see, WITH EASE NOW, that no human mind could have planned such an arrangement.

During that lecture (now I was recalling more that just began to have meaning for me) he had revealed that his past incarnations had all served the same purpose, and that his works

were drawn with one supreme design, that being to join all of the would-be destroyers of freedom into one communal body, so it could be identified for what it was: **THE EXPRESSION OF SATAN** (or Lucifer, or evil forces, whichever words serve you best). He had patiently explained (for my benefit, I could see now) that man's effort to free himself comes only after periods of slavery, that every hero needs a villain, and that the godly or spiritual beings need an opponent in order to build the external tensions by which to advance into greater light. Comfort is sought only after discomfort has been known through experience, and these basic laws apply all through life, **ALL** life, with no regard to levels or dimensions.

"As people build their high walls and glorify themselves, the godly will work in silence. No walls can keep the awakened ones from seeing and knowing that the adversity for this plan is of divine concept and nothing shall prevail against it," Karl Marx had added, somewhere during his talk.

I thought how funny it would be if the followers after him would really waken to the **TRUE** plan. This thought was very funny, for it was obvious that there was no such possibility. Marxism was a set pattern, economically, structurally, and politically, and the only answer they could give to such an exposure would be one of denial. Well, it was a face-saving situation, for now, anyway. I wondered then if there was any glory in awareness of another's stupidity, or did it all somehow vanish in the face of exposure. Interesting . . .

There were many other things that Karl Marx spoke of. Included was a run-down on the genetics of the Germanic tribes. He broke down the word into "germs" and "manic", and this told the true tale of the "Super-race" simply and gloriously; even I had felt that I could point this out to others when the time came. This was not the time, but there would be a time

. . . and then I would go into apparent silence and write this story, simply and without a lot of fuss. Not being a literary person made it even more proper, for the presentation would arrive in the hands of those for whom it was written; and should it stray into the fields or behind the lines of the enemy, it would be rationalized clear out of existence. I would be called insane, and I would have to be ready to have these charges made against me. But I would also be in the light far enough not to fall from grace, in spite of efforts to make me fall. (Two years seemed such a short time!)

“The love of money is the root of all evil.” This phrase kept going over and over in my mental beingness, and I could see at last that the true vine has no such evil roots. Only the adversary would preach money, wealth, and hatred for the “Capitalist” . . . until he himself becomes one. Then, typical of all liars, he would change the rules of the game. World power means world wealth, and these two cannot be separated under the present world order. That is obvious to anyone!

As I report all of this to you here, please bear in mind that it happened two years ago, in October of 1959, and this is now October, 1961, as I write these very words! In spite of efforts to make notes or to tape this so I could have it without error, it could never quite come about. Other things needed my typing time, and I have had tape recorders actually quit working for me when I did attempt to make notes. (This is provable; I can furnish sworn affidavits to that effect, if it is ever to be needed.) So, the “best laid plans of mice and men, oft times go aglail.” Now, with all of the other things I have to do, and another book which I started writing in August, I find I come to my typewriter full of words to express only in **THIS** story, and until I have run them out, I cannot even seem to answer my mounting stacks of mail. It is an incredible experience, to say the least!

For those who, like me, are not familiar with the works of Karl Marx, all of that information can be found elsewhere, and is even taught in political and economic sciences the world around. Every encyclopedia gives a good account of what he left to posterity, so I shall not go into that data, for it is not needed. This report is dedicated to the foundations of the earth, the purposes, and the eventuation of truth through enlightenment.

But there on that sun deck two years ago, the emotional experience was completely new. I had fear . . . but it was a new kind of fear. It was the fear of anticipation rather than trepidation — fear of reality — fear that I might prove incompetent in the gigantic task — fear that I might forget a vital factor and betray all of my brothers and sisters without meaning to — great fear that I would be stopped before I reached the brink of the new age and the dawn of light — fear of fear, and cowardice, which was a completely new look for me, too — the same kind of fear that a child experiences the night before Christmas . . . a beautiful fear which is thrilling and wasting of energy — the fear of glory — the fear of the mightiness of the plan.

Somehow I knew that my companions would have strength, new ideas, new goals, and that the path we had taken would abruptly come to an end, and that we would be leaving the lovely house on the beach for more room and more people, people who were waiting to hear that we were there in Fort Myers. (We had been there six months at that time, but completely excluded from social activity. It was plain to me now, that we had not been ready sooner.)

But come back to the Assembly Hall with me, for there was more.

Karl Marx foretold that the mighty Russian states would be diplomatically stubborn, rude, and difficult to confer with, but that they would suddenly mellow and seem to be changing. This would be a sign of the end of the age, for their new benevolent attitudes would be designed to ensnare those who could not accept the baser attitudes. Then a mighty demonstration would be put on by Russia to create a fear trance in mankind. Explosion after explosion of nuclear bombs would take place, and ultimately end with the largest bomb ever set off in this civilization. The accumulations of radioactive materials would encircle the earth until after the Planetary Conjunction in February, 1962. And then . . . THE FINAL TEST of mankind would take place — the test of whether man is just a body, or a body and mind, or a body and mind and spirit. He told how this test would take place and what the procedures were for those who would survive the “holocaust”.

Karl Marx made known that he had lived several times, in the flesh. Among those identities was one known as King Solomon, whose mighty temple once ruled the spiritual forces on earth. These forces combined with the Magi and Pagans of those times, so that the infiltration was stamped upon the face of the genetic lines which came after those times but were subconsciously under the influence of them.

He revealed (at least to me, for others may have already known it) that he had monitored and owned the body of Joseph, whose wisdom saved Egypt from utter starvation during a seven-year drought. His works were always in commodities and economics, he said, and he would also participate in the new-age standards of wealth and economy, but his work then would be directed by the Council of Elders in a far different fashion and for a different end purpose. (I am not quoting him exactly, but I have not changed the substance of his talk, either.)

He said that an outpouring of man-made copper wires would be placed into orbit for purposes of better radio signals, and that this act would be one of salvation, though unknown to the scientists who would prepare and administer this action. The copper wires would deflect the electronics of the opposer, and would charge the atmosphere with electronics of a nature that would be toxic to the uninformed mentals. Supercharged thoughts would find minds upon which to work, and this would result in effects similar to electric shock. Copper would be the “new-age gold”, he told us, for copper is the compatible metal for the Aquarian work — “old gold” would be used like copper is being used at present.

Perhaps, with this brief look at what was revealed by Karl Marx in that lecture, you can see why I was astonished and thoughtful, upon leaving the Assembly Hall, and why I was concerned with my capacity to understand basic scientific facts.

But it was all to come easier than I could imagine then.

As the sun began to rise, I walked into the house, and went to bed, dwelling for a short time in my universe of thought and wondrous anticipation. Then off to sleep the body went.

CHAPTER

8

HEAVEN, HELL, AND COMPANY

With the first week of November, new faces began to appear. Visitors came and went, and two came to stay with us and participate in our work. The trend of the work was guided by almost nightly visitations from Earth to *Japhalein* — it was now a part of my life. I was instructed in the basic laws of our galaxy, and taken into privately tutored sessions by Paul, whose patience was superb. It seemed that for all of my worldly experience and sophistication in matters of business and human relationships, I was pretty naive as a spirit being — naive by the standards which Paul told me I would achieve.

The laws of Contribution were taught to me, the laws which result in the formation of matter or the organization of cells, the laws which result in the divine or spiritual activity of cooperation (which needs broader understanding, it seems to me, for it is only applied these days in what we call “sports”).

Contribution could be considered help, if it is not connoted as emergency or deprivation of things. Contribution is participation, and it is this law which brings the Brotherhood into the light, working as a unit with a common goal and selfless dedication.

Paul allowed me to see how the cooperative spirit is the creative spirit, and that the needs for acknowledgement or

recognition are only for the insecure. He showed me how futile is the plan of an "Only One". To set oneself apart completely from all else, is not possible, except through annihilation as a consciousness. It is simple enough to understand and is reflected in all of life, but is understood only by certain evolved persons on Earth at this time.

Cooperation, or Contribution, provides that each has his contributions to make to the greater plan. It can be seen from higher levels that, if permitted without interference or conversion, everything has its proper place in the greater plan.

Paul asked me this simple question (which I am still getting answers to): "What would you wish we had not experienced in this civilization?"

To wish that we had not seen war, would mean that we could be a target of the experienced warrior from beyond our planetary levels.

I could see that everything that we had experienced, and called "history", was indeed precious. All of the ugliness, the impoverishment, the famine, the darkness, the symbology, the disease, the corruption, and everything else were indeed divine lessons. And by these lessons we built our tolerances and inoculations against attack or eternal death by fire, bomb, or any other man-made effort; for the lessons were admonishment for the teachers who would take up the job when the time was right, so that all those who came after could be taught from the Scrolls of Time, which are infallible.

I could see that anything that I might disregard, is a precious creation to another, and that to the degree that I could consent to his creation, he would consent to mine, and then . . .

we would ascend into levels of judgement in our creative activity, superior to any before known on this planet.

This would be a very hard lesson for men to learn. It would mean a re-evaluation of standards, morals, and other principles. It would mean that mankind must learn first to be contributed to, and then to contribute. It would mean that mankind must discover that it is cause rather than effect, so that it can willingly be effect without trepidation. For instance, Paul showed me how the rules of telepathic communication depend upon the willingness to receive or be effect. I could understand that, and had even taught it, in my way.

The laws of Contribution which Paul taught me, dealt directly with scarcity and abundance. This was very interesting to me, for I know, psychologically, that anything scarce is held to be precious by our people, and that which is abundant seems to be held with less value. We could not imagine being without the necessities of life, yet we often forget to be thankful for the richness with which we are endowed on this planet.

Paul explained to me that the shortage or scarcity of human problems often results in the adoption of a problem of such intensity that death is the only solution. The problem of cancer is one of this magnitude at this time. He told me how important it is for a person to create problems rather than solutions. He said that problems are the manifestation of interest; and that one could determine the acceptance level of another person's interest simply by looking at his "Chronic Problem"; and that having too many solutions often leads to insanity, simply because it requires of one that he disperse his thought, and with too many solutions, uncertainty develops as to choice of solutions to apply to the problem. And so it goes. Psychologically, this is treason, for the mental practitioner will tell you, convinced himself, that man must be free of his problems in order to

have happiness and health. Wow! They have a lot to learn, even yet!

How one person will contribute his problem to another person is also a fascinating lesson to learn. Unspoken communication on emotional levels results in communicable disease, epidemics, and fads. I saw that people are very often jealous of their neighbor's problems, and try very quickly to solve them so the neighbor will not have them any longer. Then, left to his freedom, the neighbor can create a more intense problem . . . which the advice-giver finally leaves him with, for it is too much to face. Such idiosyncrasies!

And so, we come to the story of Heaven and Hell, as told to me by Paul. I laughed long and loud at how mankind would feel about this one when they knew the story (which I know will come) without a chance to debate the whole subject.

Within our galaxy are two planets, as yet undiscovered by our astro-sciences. The galactic names for these two planets are "Heaven" and "Hell". All inhabitants of our galaxy create Heaven as a place of beauty, with no thought of ugliness ever permitted in the concept, to the point where the true beauty of the planet has been utterly wasted via creative thought. With Hell, it is just the opposite — all undesirable things are assigned to Hell in man's thinking, so that the ugliness of the planet is entirely wasted in creative thought.

A person leaving his Earth body, being directed by last rites, etc., will go to Heaven, and find it very ugly and hideous, with all obnoxious things there. If he goes to Hell, he finds the utter beauty of all utopian thought.

This is more than a galactic practical joke. It is a misleading, misinterpreted, and misjudged truth in this solar system, which is yet young in the galaxy (the youngest of all).

Unless there is a balance in all things and all creative thought, this sort of thing occurs. "That which one resists, he becomes," is a quotation which applies. One resists the thought of ugliness in Heaven and the thought of beauty in Hell, and so he is partly responsible, with his co-creators of all things, for the out-of-balance condition.

I know that this is a new concept to man on this planet — at least to those who have been taught to think of Heaven and Hell. It is not new to the Pagans, Buddhists, Taoists, or any other Eastern religion. The Jews once had an inkling of the real situation, but cast it aside for "orthodox thought".

"Laying up of treasures on Earth" means that all of the beauty and treasured thought being done on Earth makes Heaven utterly barren of beauty, and vice versa for Hell.

It is merely a matter of the principle of "perfection and balance" (to quote Paul), which is really a direction of the flow of thought in creating matter. Too much flow in one direction causes reverse vectors to come into being, for it creates a vacuum or attraction for that which is held out.

It seems to me that all of this information weaves all through every action of life, but I must admit I had not thought of it that way (at least for a long time) until Paul told me the story newly.

I was sure I could never get this story told . . . ever! For what would this do to some of the religious theory being peddled on every corner on Sundays, and at other times, and

in other ways? I dreaded to think of the mission of doing this telling, for there would be little agreement, for sure. The fear of doing evil was so thoroughly implanted in the minds of men, that to even hear me would be "sin" enough to go to "Confession" over again.

I recall I said to Paul, "Perhaps man will have to come to the point where he thinks his God has utterly forsaken him, before he will hear the actual truth of the universe. Whether he be Jew, Oriental, or Gentile, one must consider that each has his own way of looking at God and the promises which are made for 'obedience'."

Paul's answer to that speculative offering did not mean as much to me then as it does now. He said, "There is nothing that happens by accident. All of these things are considered in the greater plan, I assure you. You will see this more and more."

On one of the visits to *Japhalein*, which occurred so frequently for a while, Paul kept his promise to show me some pictures of the construction crews at work on the gigantic ship, and it was wonderful. I was told that the pictures were taken at regular intervals, merely as a matter of interest to those who "would come after" — like me, for instance.

There was no major difference in how this work went along and how our large ship-building companies handle their contracts for luxury liners. Lots of things were done and brought in for installation, with the major construction job being centralized. "Small jobbers" handled the instrumentation and all of the electronic equipment, others handled the fixtures, others built the Beetle tracks (which were operated by electro-magnetism, I learned).

And so, the building was not as miraculously handled as I thought. There was effort, lots of it, in the work, but the

crew did it in pleasure. It was created with LIFE as a basic postulate for its foundations.

The ship was built in the Arcturus solar system, which we Earthlings locate as being in the constellation Bootes. It was launched from there, and has never rested on solid matter since. That had been almost 7,000 years ago, and every part of *Japhalein* looks completely new . . . with no wear or tear visible. But the most surprising realization to me was that after 7,000 years, THERE IS NO OUTMODED EQUIPMENT AT ALL. That was sufficient evidence to me that the planning had indeed been superb and of divine nature.

In discussing this with Paul, he also told me that there has never been any sort of calamity or loss, either. It is hard to conceive this, but in knowing that all of the personnel are of spirit form, I could comprehend.

Once, they had been threatened with attack from some invaders from another galaxy, but foolishly the invaders failed to realize that the laws of this galaxy are under the control of the Elders and Masters of the galaxy, and that no opponent could prevail against them within our own galaxy. If we were to travel into their galaxy, then we would be subject to those laws, and could also be defeated if we had not done sufficient reconnaissance to prepare ourselves.

That, too, was surprising, for I couldn't seem to grasp the thought of "heavenly invasions", yet I knew it was true. I knew the immortal enemy of the White Brotherhood is the Black Forces or Black Confederacy, and they must have contention somewhere in some fashion. It did make sense. I just had not considered it before . . .

With every meeting with Paul, I wondered if I was capable of comprehending the magnitude of the work of *Japhalein*. It seemed that there was no end of miracles to learn of, and I was completely staggered by some of the things that I saw and was told. After the meetings, I spent several days sifting it all into the consciousness of the mental body. There was so much data which came up to struggle with, that I often felt quite physically depleted. But each time, I came back stronger and more willing to confront the huge mission I was being carefully prepared for.

One little thing which gave me lots of amusement was that on one visit to *Japhalein*, I permitted the perception of the “refresher” to communicate to my physical senses; and for several days after that, there was an incessant craving for something. This is not an unusual experience for one to have with a body like these we use, but it was funny, for I recalled the “refresher” and knew that nothing we have available would satisfy that craving. I tried “Hawaiian Punch”, and it seemed much too dressed up. I saw how some of the cravings we experience on this level could certainly originate in the higher forms. It does explain a lot, for me at least.

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CHAPTER

9

THIRTEEN MONTHS TO LIVE!

By this time, the Holidays had come and gone, and we were into mid-January, 1960.

We had established the custom of holding daily conferences which we taped every day, and all of this was brought out in the conferences over the months. Thus, my five co-workers in "research" were very well informed. Also, one or two of them had contacts of their own, which validated mine, and mine theirs.

As predicted, we did move, in February, to a large place on the mainland with one full acre of lawn and grounds. Then we began to grow. Others were drawn to us, and it all seemed like a dream to me, as I look back. Here we were, all people with financial limitations, rapidly running out of funds, for we had been eight months on our "research", and none of us had an abundance of money to start with. I had been told that the Way would be prepared, and it was!

Now we had a twelve-room house with four baths, and another building with three rooms and bath. It just didn't seem reasonable, looking at the economic concepts that we usually consider. But it was true, and we were living in it, and to this day I can hardly recall how all of this came about. Even though

I was the business manager for the group, it still seems vague to me in many ways. But, I repeat, it DID happen!

By the middle of March, there were twenty-seven people in residence! Twelve of them had come to visit for three weeks, and would be leaving; but nonetheless, there they were! All of these people were members of a group that I had led, and were in on the move we had made to Fort Myers Beach, and knew why and how it came about. So they, too, enjoyed seeing all the plans of two years ago reflected in absolute truth. It was a grand reunion!

Then, in one of the meetings I had with Paul, he told me that soon a couple would come and stay, and that I would find them to be my long lost children. (I admit this made little sense, like so many others things, but I accepted it with no comment.)

In mid-April, a friendly young man with a ready grin, stuck his head in the door and called out, "Anybody home?"

I went out to greet him, and invited him to come and visit with me in my office, for by now we had formed our organization, as I had been instructed to do. We sat and visited pleasantly for about an hour, and he left with my invitation to come to our class that night, and to bring his wife, or "Just come anytime." He came that night. The next night, he brought his very charming wife. From there, they enrolled in the classes, and on the first of June, moved into residence and became an important part of the organization.

There was another couple in residence when they came, and it was my thought that these were the ones Paul had spoken about . . . but it proved not so. It just goes to show, that thinking doesn't get to the truth at all, ever. It merely permits one to substitute something, so that impatience will not be a burden.

Several other sightings had been made in all this time, by several of us in the group. There were reports from neighbors of a space craft seen hovering over our place at sunrise one morning, but none of US saw it, for we were all in bed.

Other people came, stayed for two or three weeks, and left again. Finally, after several more "educational trips" to *Japhalein*, we were forewarned of a devastating hurricane that would hit us hard in about three weeks. We went soberly about our preparations, as guided, and arranged to have emergency supplies of food and other needs. All the while, our nearby neighbors went about their affairs, denying that the now much-publicized Hurricane "Donna" would come anywhere near us. Finally, within three days of her scheduled arrival, there was a real hustle-bustle, for it now seemed we would certainly get some part of her fury.

Sure enough, on September 10th, "Donna" hit, **HARD** — winds up to 170 miles per hour! Even though we had a good substantial masonry building, and had taken all of the precautionary steps, we wondered for a while if the building could take much more.

Paul had told me we would not be without anything, and it was hard to believe that, for we were seeing the fiercest winds ever recorded up to that time. It lasted for a total of twenty straight hours, except for about a half hour of peace when the "eye" of the storm went over, which resulted in the winds then hurling at us from the opposite direction.

But just as Paul had told me, we were not without anything! Even our electricity was restored within four hours after it went off!

There was much learned by all of us during that emergency, and we all saw how much we stood together during the trial.

The storm itself, and the awful mess to be cleaned up and the big repairs to follow, were all a part of that test, we realized later. Although we never planned to EVER leave our home, it was to follow very soon that we would entirely relocate. And the reasons that were to be served would also be known, in due course.

And so, with twelve of us still in permanent residence, the revelation to "Move to the Mountains" came to me on March 10th, 1961. This was the furthest thing from our minds, be assured of that, for we had just begun to get our home back in order, and had newly redecorated it all the way through! But it was so important that even the members of the group to whom I related the "vision" seemed to respond with no pondering of the matter — it was unanimous. "Let's go!" they said.

Not knowing how all of these things could be financed, and with all of the other problems, I followed the instructions I had been given and contacted the person I was advised to contact. From there, with all of the "impossible" things you could imagine, things worked out so that within six weeks of the "revelation", we had managed to lease our new home with an option to buy, and had not even seen the place! Plans were made to use trailers, and to get the move done for all twelve people.

Please realize, some of these people had businesses they were operating, and all of them had certain financial commitments, and so on — the mounting barriers were presented for viewing. But somehow (I cannot yet recall how with clarity) all of it got done in an orderly fashion, and away we went to our new home.

We had lived at the place in Fort Myers, on the mainland, for thirteen months. And now, into our "survival camp" we went, knowing full well we had lots of work to do to get a

three-bedroom house all ready to house twelve people through some cold winter weather; this had been a summer home for seventeen years, and had not the adequacy of heating and other things.

But like everything else, and with much good help — many fine contributions of time, work, and money — we did have it ready for the winter; by October (which it is now as I write this), the major projects had all been done.

It had been like a dream . . . but it did occur!

Meanwhile, during mid-summer, in July (the 5th of July, actually), I was again taken to *Japhalein*, and the future was shown to me in clear and definable terms, so that a new phase of my work could begin. I was not half aware of the proportions of this information at that time, but am just beginning to be now, as I reflect and write this.

CHAPTER

10

A GALACTIC COUNCIL MEETING

The invitation to attend a general Galactic Council meeting came on July 5th, 1961, just after sundown, and was presented to me by one known to me as D.P. (Since this person had just departed his Earth body two years ago, there are many who know of him.) D.P., with whom I had been in constant communication over the months, had given me much information about my co-workers, and also about others whom I had not yet met, as well as some who were known to me and who would counter my every move if permitted.

To detail the events of this meeting would be most difficult for one of no great literary experience, so I will do the best I can, working under the handicap of words.

The meeting was held in a very large chamber, which I realized was the Council Chamber, and there were exactly 168 persons in attendance. These "persons" all used the angelic form, such as I described to you earlier when I spoke of the meeting in the Assembly Hall where we heard Karl Marx speak.

Something happened to me, as I entered the Council Chamber, for suddenly I knew every person there, and knew their galactic identities or names. I also knew I had been in attendance frequently, but had not permitted the events to

carry over into what we call "conscious levels". That is not really the right way to say it, though, for it is actually: not carrying in memory, or not permitting the events to carry into the mental field. What we call "conscious levels" are actually subservient to true consciousness. I learned that true consciousness is in this higher level of activity, and the mental levels depend entirely upon the past and the accumulations of "memory" and/or experience. One is only partly conscious, usually, when one is being his body and mentality. Only in spirit is man fully conscious . . . and even then, it is not so unless we **MAKE** it so.

The Council Chamber is so beautiful in its simplicity that it is not easy to make it real for you. However, you may be very surprised to learn that the walls are all black! The floor is carpeted in a fur-like carpet, and it, too, is black — a beautiful black with a high sheen to it. The ceiling of the room is semi-dome-like, and is crystal in appearance. And from somewhere, there is a pleasant blue-white light which emanates throughout the entire Chamber.

A table in the center of the Chamber, known to me as being the Council table, is approximately one hundred and twenty feet long and perhaps thirty feet wide. It seemed to be of some material similar to marble, with gold flecks in it — very pronounced flecks. The table is oval-shaped at the ends, and has gracefully carved center pedestals about every six or seven feet, each of which provides a series of four legs protruding from the huge main stem. They are all gold-like material.

Around this huge table are the chairs, which I knew were 168 in number, arranged eighty to each side and four at each end. The chairs themselves are of a material similar to the leg pedestals of the table, with soft padded seats and backs in white — a material that looked very much like chiffon velvet.

The effect is breathtaking! The soft blue-white light reflects in all of the gleaming marble-like surfaces, and there seems to be a soft mist of fragrance emitted from the light itself. I realized that the use of incense by so many ritualists must have been born and bred in vague recalls of Council Chamber conditions.

The Council members came in quietly and took their seats, and I took mine . . . at one end of the table! I just knew that was where I was to sit. All of this was highly familiar to me by now; I knew what the procedures are and what the purposes of the meetings are, and all of the former meetings were within my consciousness.

To give you the picture: All of the people on one side of the table were male, and all of the people on the other side were female, in spirit form. (I do not know what other forms they each use.) At each end of the table were two males and two females, of which I was one of the females.

Before I go into a description of the actual meeting, I think I should tell you a few other things that I "recalled".

Japhalein is known as "Space Station 33" throughout the galaxy, and also by those who know about it on this planet. Its galactic number is "33", just as our planet is identified as "666". The name "*Japhalein*" is known to the members of the Council, and is made known by them, when it is appropriate to do so, anywhere within the galaxy. The meaning of that name is, "All tongues, all species."

The Council body is made up of 144 members and 24 Elders. (This is known somewhat on our planet by the so-called "Christian" peoples, for it is referred to in the Bible. In Eastern

and Pagan cultures, those members and Elders are called "Gods" and "Goddesses".)

The Council members and Elders are what we would call "Solar Beings", and there is one representative from each star system. Some of the star systems within our galaxy are represented by males, and some by females. This is for perfect representation and balance, as well as procreative activities between the systems represented within the galaxy. It has no other significance.

None of the Beings, or Council members, has need of form, but in order to meet and communicate with each other, they take on their Council or spirit form.

This Galactic Council Chamber is on *Japhalein*. However, in the center of each sun, there is a Solar Council Chamber for each solar system, with an exact duplicate of the numbers and general arrangements: 144 members and 24 Elders. These are elected positions, by the way, and so we refer to them as the "Elect".

From the Central Sun of each star system, one of the 24 Elders representing that Solar Council is chosen to represent his star system in the Galactic Council meetings. These elected positions serve many purposes, as will be seen later.

On "my" end of the table, the seating arrangement was: me on one end, with two males between me and the next female. The names of these persons are well-known to man on planet Earth, and I knew that this is true throughout our entire solar system; the names of these do not vary. I am the spiritual handmaiden of the one known as Michael. I sat on his right, and next to him was one known as Uriel, with his handmaiden on his left. Her name is Isis.

At the other end of the table, the same theme was true: Gabriel and Raphael, with their handmaidens, known most commonly as Maat and Nephthys. (I cannot reveal my name, for it is a name sacred, and not identifiable with any physical form.)

The four arc-angels of our system are the four above-named males: Michael, Uriel, Raphael, and Gabriel. And from these four, Michael is the elected one to attend the White Brotherhood Confederacy meetings, which are always held on the so-called "Dog Star", Sirius.

So that gives you a very rough outline of the administrative setup. It is very "rough", I do admit, but the details would go into such length that I would be reproducing something akin to the Oahspe Bible, and since it is SOMEWHAT in representation there in that book, I will not attempt to write it all here. It may be that another, NEW-AGE, Bible will be forthcoming, and if so, it will have to be incorporated therein. Our planetary Bibles are obsolete with the new age.

Before proceeding, I wish to state that Paul, Captain and Chief Communicator of our galaxy, is the one who was once known as Saul of Tarsus. He was the one who carried on right after the work of the man Jesus (who was Michael, manifested), and did the writing and communicating at that time. There were earlier events which resulted in earlier writings and teachings, also, and perhaps the reader already knows about some of them.

This Galactic Council meeting was a meeting of reports, and was planned to bring together the varied activities of the Council members so that they would conjoin in their works, simultaneously with a Planetary Conjunction which would be experienced on our planet on February 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 1962. But this is only the beginning of that event, for the entire

galaxy will be in conjunction, and in conjunction as a galaxy with the others of the White Brotherhood, which includes 144 galaxies in all, of which Sirius is the Central Sun.

It is almost impossible to conceive, mentally, of the magnitude of these events, for the purposes are of such high levels.

As in life on our planet, so in the galaxy, so in the Confederacy of Galaxies: we have our physical, mental, and spiritual opponents. It is the purpose of the Supreme Conjunction to move out of our spheres of influence all of the noncompatible forces, be they physical, mental, or spiritual. And those of ours who have strayed into other systems can come again into their own. It is fantastically simple . . . and therefore difficult for the mind analyzer to comprehend. At least, I find that to be true of my own mind. It may not be so with the readers of this volume.

Each one in attendance was given a part of the whole cloth to weave. Each had his right to follow the guidance or to volunteer for any part of the plan. And when all was accomplished, it would be seen that all had worked as planned. No deviation from duties could be permitted, once the role or work was assumed.

My part of the program was to start in the new area of the manifested MARCAP COUNCIL, giving all that I could, verbally and written, for a period of three months . . . after which, physical contacts would be eliminated, for the writing part of my work. The writing part would continue for three months, also, during which time I was to provide a restimulator for all of the Council members who had not yet been called up for duty, as it were. That restimulator into consciousness was to be a book, and this is it!

Upon completion of the book, it was to be printed, only five hundred copies, each of which was to have a number, and filed under the name of the person who had it. And from there, wider circulation could come after the Planetary Conjunction, for it would add to information which was to be written later.

As I was writing this book, I was to create a new line of communication by bulletin, and these would eventuate into another book, called *THE MONITOR*. *THE MONITOR* would initially be issued in segments, peculiar to the times. It would be followed by a work known as *THE ORBIT*, which would also be done in segments (later to be put into book form), and would deal with technical data and information on spiritual, mental, and physical relationships.

There was to be another general Council meeting of all participants from all of the Solar Councils and Galactic Council on the 3rd day of November, 1961, and in that would be revealed our work of the next three months, just preceding the Planetary and Galactic Conjunction which was to occur, by our time patterns, on the dates in February, 1962, as given earlier.

Another book was to be worked on throughout this entire period of time, and would not be released until the beginning of the new age. This book was to be called *EXCALIBUR*.

Please understand, as you read here, that I had never written a book. I had done many "papers" and articles for our own membership, but never had I done such a work (in this lifetime, anyhow). So I was not estimating the amount of effort at all, as I heard my work outlined by Michael, who coordinates all works. Effort is of the physical level of action, and so therefore it did not come to me until I actually started the job . . . and then I could see that my estimates of time were pretty far

behind the spiritually accepted time factors. But that was alright and had been considered by Michael in the outline.

It was revealed to me that within our midst was an opposer to the plan. This was also told to me in March of 1961 and again in August of 1961, and also that some of the onslaught of the non-entities and the opposing entities would occur in mid-October. I reported this to the members of the group who are in residence and are the present physical manifestation of the Council (in part), and we prepared for this event for several weeks prior to the actual experiencing of the time. Then, to our utter surprise, one was taken out of our midst, and the revelations connected with that action were enormous for all those who remained. (Once more, I could not have seen this event or even correctly estimated it until it happened, and then it cleared many questions I had.)

During the Council meeting, there was information given about the introduction of a gas into our atmosphere, a gas which is native to the planet Mercury and had not been known on planet Earth up to that time. The use of that gas was clarified and the times of introduction into specific zones of our planet was to be given to me, so that the proper results would be achieved. (Which has been done, at this time.)

It was clearly pointed out to me that those who are represented in the Council body are those whose willingness to serve is supreme. They are Masters, in a sense, but not in the sense that man usually applies that word or status. A Master is, after all, the greatest servant, for he serves the multitudes — whereas, the usual concept is a directive and dictatorial one, which is not true.

So, Council activity was not considered as to levels, but as to encompassing ability. The levels of operation were only

to satisfy the needs of those who wished glorification — which is not perverse, in any sense, for many must have those needs in order to have all needs served in all areas of operation.

There was also a discussion about “man-kind” as opposed to “demon-kind”, and I thought this was an interesting new view (to me). It seems that the demon-kind originated from other galactic systems, coming into our galaxy and taking over bodies to serve them and to be used in defeating us within our own systems. More invasions have taken place within our own particular solar system than in any other part of the galaxy, for we are the newest inhabited solar system. (There are four new systems in preparation for habitation.)

Man-kind was considered to be those forms of our own galactic origin, and they reproduced in accordance with the science of genetics. But along the way, the demon-kind intermingled and cohabited with our kind, and the results are non-entities and alloyed genetic lines. (There are twelve major genetic lines, all of which have been alloyed, at this end of age.)

The rehabilitation of body and mind is the project under way right at this time and for two years following the Conjunction. After that time, all would be “purified”, “cleansed”, and readied for the new-age events.

The alloying of bodies and mental data results in disease and friction within the form itself. Once these things have all been relieved, each person is a free agent to recreate any part he wishes to, as long as he does it with intention and while conscious. Those who would hang on to tradition or superstition will be taken out of our system and returned to the system whence their alloying properties came.

The subject we are leading into here is what is commonly called “karma”. Any karma which originated in the Piscean

Age has to be disconnected, or the person cannot evolve with the evolutionary program during the Conjunction. It amounts simply to this: The Piscean karma cannot enter the Aquarian Age. It will be taken to a part of the system that still functions in Pisces. It is just like taking a grade over again in school, as I have also previously stated.

Karma is an adoption of a pattern by which to live in any age; when that age is consummated, the karma is supposed to have been resolved. For those who become lazy, there is but one solution, and that is to re-experience these events and the automatic reincarnations until they desire freedom enough to take command of the thinking mechanisms, and to begin to KNOW rather than to believe.

Following all of this review and presentation of events "to come", each of the delegates spoke on behalf of his Planetary Councils, and I then realized that I had not given all of my report at all. I had something yet to communicate that had to do with control through mental telepathy, which was being practiced under the guise of a new movement or brotherhood on our planet. I did not know whether or not we should condone this practice at this end of, and beginning of, age.

When I had finished my report and asked my questions regarding our future treatment of this activity I had spoken about, I was shown a chart of planet Earth with the new force lines which had been put into position when we had moved from the Fort Myers area to Lake Rabun. When all of the new planetary force lines are fully operative, this will result in a backwash on the opposite side of the planet, which is a terminus for releases. (This may not make much sense in those terms.) What it actually amounts to is: the polarities, positive and negative, which influence planetary forces and introductions, and all other matters between the divine and the physical.

That major point of inflowing contact now was our very home region that we had been moved physically into; the excesses and noncompatibles were handled at the opposite pole. The effects were chiefly felt in the Indonesian states, and for now, I cannot say more about that. It will, however, come out somewhere else, not in this book, for that is not the purpose of this book.

At any rate, I could see this immediately as it was presented! It was far too fantastic for easy acceptance, but then that is how all events of magnitude occur, for only then does the mind cease to interfere.

The admonition of all I needed to know for handling was made indisputably clear.

Next, there was a committee of twelve who had been picked to handle the subject of densities, and it was time now for them to make their presentation. So they requested that they be recognized to make their reports, and Michael gave them the hearing time.

What those reports amounted to would fill many volumes if we used words to describe it. I will give you a brief look so that you can see how beautifully complete our plan is, and what the work is that is being done everywhere in our galaxy. It makes one feel very proud to be a participant.

The densities of matter were described as being "evidence of past livingness". The densities of human bodies were described as being "livingness" and "animated objects". The densities of mental bodies were described as being "suspended accumulations". The densities of spirit form were described as being "attitudes expressed".

It was stated that each of the densities contributes to the one below it ("below", not in status, but in denser quality). For instance, the "animated objects" finalize into matter, as do the "suspended accumulations" eventuate into release which contributes to matter, also; the "attitudes expressed" do not accumulate anything, for they pass it on to the mental levels without holding on to it (whatever the "it" may be).

So once more I could see the perfection of the plan, and how it is all intended to be so, and is the agreement under which our system functions, along with the other systems within the galaxy.

Each solar system has its own peculiarities of procedure, and our particular peculiarity is one of mental body level.

It was made very certain during the review and report that any of us descending into other levels of operation make ourselves subject to the laws and rules of that level, and so it is by far the best to function remotely — to operate a mental body and physical form from outside of the spheres of their influence, as I did when aboard *Japhalein* and under Paul's direction. It is a simple thing to do, and it assures that one will not be overwhelmed by any density, no matter how forceful, for one will be operative exterior to the form.

Paul had reacquainted me with all of this information, but we had not discussed it from the standpoint of "densities".

The accumulations that we carry in the field of the body (human form) have to do with the experiences of planetary life, and are compatible with the planet or planets from which they have been accumulated. One cannot be an Interplanetary Being and carry any of the amassed energies with him. To really be a Space Being or Interplanetary Being, it requires that

all accumulations be discharged and returned to their natural ground. This explains why Space Beings are apparently so simple, for the sophistication has been released and they are as the "innocents" spoken of in nearly every known religion. They also can be influenced by the cleverly wise ones who are opponents, and who are of comparable ability and standards but with their own goals to serve which counter ours within our systems.

The spirit form, such as we were using in the Council Chamber, is the form which attracts no-thing to it, for it is no-thing by the laws of physics. The spirit form is only detectable via the rays and beams it produces, and cannot be seen except by one of like form and beingness.

Before the meeting closed, there was a presentation that had to do with color and patterns of kinetics. It was said that at the next general meeting, this would be the main topic under discussion. I was asked if I would do a bit of research on behalf of planet Earth and its relationship to the system and then to the galaxy, and I consented.

We were all cautioned against becoming involved with personalities, for they are strictly mental beings and would destroy us and our purposes if we permitted them to influence us. (That was the third time within three months I had been told that, and I was to learn how important it was to know, very soon.)

CHAPTER

11

DESTINATION "PLANET 666"

On July 7th, 1961, I went again to *Japhalein*, this time to reacquaint myself with some of the purpose of the greater plan, and to learn newly how things had evolved and from what patterns.

Upon my arrival that time, I was kept waiting in one of the lower-level anterooms for quite some time before Paul appeared. Upon his entrance into the room, I gasped, for he was wearing a garment which looked for all the world like snake skin. It was completely form-fitting from the shaped hood to the soles of his feet, and the only visible part of his body was his face.

"Did I startle you?" he asked.

"You certainly did! What on earth kind of outfit is that?" I wanted to know.

"This is a material which prevents emission of my energies outward and the reception of energies inward," he said. Then he went on. "We are going to tour through the atmosphere of your planet tonight, and I am going to show you some of the things you will need to know, and some of the things you DO know but have forgotten about. Since your atmosphere is highly toxic at this time, I am using a preventative, for I would subject myself to forgetfulness if I were to partake of the 'atmospheric

food' that the bodies on your planet are using at this time. You are oriented to the atmosphere, and there is no need for the same precautionary measure yet — there will be, later."

This sounded exciting but mysterious, and I asked him several questions as we went into the "launching area". We were going aboard one of the *Bell* craft, and we would span many areas of my planet this time, so that I could see for myself what acts of cooperation to the plan were being engaged in and what the counteractions were.

Shem and Mara were near the craft we were to go on this journey in, and they raised their hands in greeting as we approached. They, like me, were oriented to my planet's atmosphere, and were not garbed as was Paul.

Soon we were aboard the *Mary Bell*, and with no concept of motion we went spinning into space.

Paul told me that we were to enter our solar environment on a "sun beam" which penetrated the furthest depths of our solar system, and we would travel that beam through the orbits and atmosphere of every planet in our system. He would indicate various things for me to note, he told me.

I watched through the viewer and saw many objects out there in the vast realms of space. Some of them seemed no more than shadows, but Paul told me that the objects were just as solid as my planet, but they were a negative energy to the materials of my planet — negative in that they were opposite vectors of mattering energies. He explained what he meant by that: To those planets and moons, we were negative and they were positive, so that it was all a matter of one's frame of reference. That which is compatible to us is positive, and that which is not compatible is negative; this is held to be true for all things and conditions within our system.

"There is Neptune." Paul was pointing to a large light body which was seemingly low on the horizon of our view. "Neptune has five more 'pass-overs' to go, and it will then be a 'mansion'. When that occurs, a new law will be written in your Solar Council," he informed me.

"Just what is a 'mansion', Paul?" I asked him.

"A 'mansion' is a released planet which is self-governing. This can only occur when the participants on the planet have reached harmony and conscious accord," he replied.

"Was that what was meant when Jesus spoke of the many 'mansions' of his Father's house?" I prodded to find out if the mysteries of the words spoken by Jesus were NOT merely matters of interpretation. I truly believed that what he said had literal meaning rather than interpretive meaning. I did not really believe that he ALWAYS spoke in parables.

"That is right," Paul acknowledged.

I looked at Neptune, and I could see an emanation of light about the planet itself which seemed to have a blue-white hue to it. Paul told me that this was a self-emanated light. "All 'mansions' emanate their own light," he said. "After they have balanced the flow of light emanations so that they are no longer dependent upon solar energies to create friction and produce light, they move out of the system into a magnetic field of their own creation. Later, they can be a solar body emanating their own bodies or newborn planets. Once outside of the influence of your sun, they become independent of all agreements with your Council except the galactic agreements. This takes many thousands of years, even after the self-producing light begins. We have lots of time, and prefer to use it as much without impact as possible."

"Will my planet ever become a 'mansion'?" I continued the examination.

"How will you have it be? Have you ever brought this question up in one of your Solar Council meetings?" Paul was now asking questions.

"Not that I recall. Should I?" I asked.

"If you 'should', you will," he answered, and I was very disappointed that he did not tell me what I wanted to know. He just seemed to evade and refuse advising.

We sped on, passing one planet after another. I noted that each one seemed to cast forth a different degree of light and a different color than Neptune. Some of the things I saw were varied in shape and size, and some of them seemed to be on fire, while others seemed almost ghostly, they were of such fine density.

"This is the planet you should have much interest in," Paul said, as he pointed to a reddish body which seemed very close to us. "That is Mars."

"Can we land there?" I asked, hoping that we could.

"Yes, we can," he answered.

I expected him to say something to Mara and Shem, but he didn't. He just kept looking out of the viewer at Mars. Finally I realized that I had not asked to land; I had only asked if we COULD. So I ventured the suggestion, "Let's land."

"We had best proceed with our plans. You need to have interest in your own planet, and all of these things will be better

understood. Your curiosity is natural, but it is not gainful," Paul denied me.

Then he showed me two moons and said that they are the moons of my planet. One is positive energy, and the other is negative. He told me that our people have not yet become aware of the "other moon", but its influences have been observed as phenomena by our scientists. "Mars receives much of the energy production from your planet through the magnetic fields produced by those moons."

I cannot quote exactly here what Paul told me, but I can give you what I have as an impression of what he said. It seems that Mars had once been in the orbit our planet now travels in, and had left behind some of its productions in the orbital field. Those influences are the cause of conflict and mass tension for as many thousands of years as it takes to build our tolerance. The wars of time had been the outward manifestation of those influences. We had added our own productions to the orbital field, so that the next planet to pass through that area and proceed with its processes of increasing tolerances, would be Venus. Our influences, added to the others, would have to be triumphed over before Venus could "pass over".

I began to see what Paul had told me about earlier: that the paths of the planets are clearly defined, and passage through the entire solar system is the way to become a "mansion". Once in a great while, the plans for a planet were too ambitious by its leaders, or too slack and lazy, and it always resulted in the explosion of the planet.

"Just think! A planet blown to bits . . . what a lot of rubble that would make!" I thought to myself (I thought). Then Paul said, "Over there you can see the remains of Meldech. Do you recall what happened there?"

As I received Paul's question, pictures flashed before me of a time of stress following the development of nuclear fission, and the warnings given by the Solar Council that the choice of survival was in the hands of the people. I saw how stupidly the people received this information from their leaders, and how they seemed disinterested in what their nations did. "What man could tell a nation what to do?" was their attitude. And the eventual explosion occurred during a spring equinox, when the sun's radiations were increasing in a particular area which could be classified as a large gas pocket within the planet. The gas became radioactive past the point of tolerance, and the planet exploded. There were remnants within the orbit, but no life.

I had forgotten to answer Paul, but he did not seem to mind. He seemed to know that I was recalling that experience, and so he left me to my musing.

Soon, however, he looked at me, and then placed his hand on my shoulder and said, "I am sorry to disturb your thoughts, but I wish you to observe your 'outer space'."

This time he was pointing to what looked like a fifty-lane highway of light. "That is the outer band of radiation around your atmosphere," Paul told me.

"Is that what is being called the 'Van Allen Belt'?" I asked.

"No, this is a far different field than the belt you refer to. Your scientists can only determine things according to the physical laws they have set down. They do not know of this belt," Paul answered.

Then he went on for some time, telling me that the function of this area is to ensnare anything entering into our

atmosphere, and to arrest its progress, and at the same time, anything leaving our planet cannot pass without being detected in this field. This is one of the purposes for the extra precautions of the garments that Paul wore. But greater than that, it is one of the secrets of our difficulty in getting anything out into orbit beyond that band. Anything that is powerful enough to penetrate that band would immediately burn up if it were not composed of compatible materials, for the cosmic energies are of higher content than those which we are accustomed to on our planet. For example, anything that an invading force would construct from the materials of our planet, could not survive the outer areas of that band. Even our two moons are within the limits of that band. Paul said, "We call that area the 'Lower Heaven'." [Since this book was originally written, space scientists have found that certain debris is forced into orbit at a level between bands of radiation. Scientists call this the "Garbage Belt", and are seeking a means by which to force the "garbage" or debris back into the Van Allen Belt where it would immediately burn up.]

Then we saw particles that were as thick as schools of fish and travelled in much the same fashion. Paul showed me on the viewer what the particles look like. They were every geometric design that one could imagine, and in every color and every density of color.

"This is what is thought to be Universal Thought or Universal Mind. Those particles that you are looking at are all creations of the inhabitants of your planet. Some of the denser ones are murder, insanity, sex perversion, and all of the Mustn't Do's of your people. Those things are done in thought, the thoughts become things, and there you see them. Many of your people reach out into Universal Thought, and all they come up with are disasters, planetary disasters or individual ones, for that is what is contained within that field," Paul informed me.

"Is there such a thing as Universal Thought, Paul?" I asked him seriously.

"Yes, indeed there is, but it is a level of operation below the consciousness of spirit. You see, when one finds that he creates newly for himself, he sees that the need to pull in the 'substance' of formed energy, as a formless stuff with which to create, is a fallacy designed to be obedient to the laws of conservation. If there were no new creation of energy, there would be no progress or enlargement of the physical universe. This is one of the most difficult of all lessons for mankind to learn, for with the understanding of the creation of energy, the awakening into responsibility is realized. Many do not make the transition from energy to thought, and it is these who eventuate into retarded cycles," Paul answered me, with an expression of deep concern on his beautifully clean face.

It was easy to see how all of this fit with the story Paul had told me about the purposes behind the original creation of *Japhalein*: to monitor idle thought and keep all things categorized as much as possible, so that the communications from one end of our galaxy to the other will be as free as possible of contaminating or degrading thoughts. I wondered . . . then I asked, "Paul, if someone were to think a thought about Mars, would it communicate directly to Mars?"

Paul seemed very pleased with this question, and he reached over and patted me on the shoulder as he answered. "Yes, that is quite right. It is the undetermined thoughts, with no particular purpose, which we have the problem of handling. When one thinks of Mars, as you give in your exemplary question, the thought does communicate directly to the body concerned. If it be one of speculation and confusion, usually the attempt is made to straighten out the confusion; but few are as willing to receive as they are to transmit, so it is one of the biggest problems that we have yet to solve."

We talked some more on that subject, and Paul told me that I would be given some training exercises in telepathy which, I would see, is the best solution.

By now, the little ship had travelled into an area of light and color — every color one could conceive of surrounded us on all sides. In answer to my many questions about that phenomenon, Paul informed me that we were in an area of vaporous energies which could not be seen with the naked eye from our planet, for the colors were seen to blend into a blue due to gaseous areas between this area and our planet. He said that this is the area described as "the waters above the earth", in the testimonies of the Prophets (our Christian Bible). Other cultures call it the "Rain God", and some even, the "God of Fertility". There are apparently many understandings of this part of our environment or "atmosphere".

If you can imagine how it would be to be surrounded on all sides by a rainbow, then you can get an idea of how it looked to me. It was beautiful . . . very very beautiful!

Then the colors began to fade more and more, and soon we entered a "dark blue darkness" — that is how I can best describe it to you — a deep deep blue, like what we would call "navy blue". It was quietly dark and not undesirable to experience. I could see the stars and the moons and the planets. One moon was below us, and the planets seemed double the size we are used to seeing. I could see that many more stars were visible to me than are visible from the earth, and I asked about that. Paul told me that we were not handicapped by the "upper atmosphere" in this area we were travelling through, and therefore many of the celestial bodies that we do not see except through high-powered telescopes, were plainly visible.

Never had the sky seemed so busy, or so quiet, to me. I watched and looked, and soon Paul pointed out the constellation

Orion, and the two companion stars, Sirius and Procyon. They were brilliant and colorful. It was truly an inspiring sight!

On past the darkness we went into a grayness . . . which was light yet not light, slightly dark yet not dark. Now I could see the planet clearly, and I could see penetrations of the sun's rays, for the planet was between us and the sun by now, and I realized we must be travelling at an enormous rate of speed. Paul told me this is the stratum where our moons travel, and we would soon "crash" through the band of radiation which causes us to experience light on our planet. This sounded ominous, but soon I understood what was meant by the expression, "crashing through the band of radiation", for we were in it and there was full light . . . bright brilliant light . . . from our sun. Now I knew that this is the belt referred to in recent times as the "Van Allen Belt", and the cosmic energies contacting the energies in the field of the Van Allen Belt result in the friction that we call "light"! My, what an education!

Soon the planet was clearly seen as in a relief map. I could see the outer crust of the earth and its crevices and bumps, its mountain peaks, its bodies of water, and it seemed that almost half of the earth was blanketed in white — snow. That was surprising when I recalled it was July, but I soon gathered the information I had and knew that July meant summer to us in the Northern Hemisphere . . . but that was not all there was to know about our seasons. That is quite a study, I thought to myself. Geology, meteorology, and all of the related sciences: there must be volumes of data on it available on our planet. And yet none had seen it with their eyes as I was seeing it — at least, none of the scientists.

Now the "map" of the "Eastern" part of our planet was all that remained, for we were dropping rapidly into the regions

known as the Eastern World. I could see lots of islands . . . more than I ever dreamed existed from my brief study of maps or world globes. Then Paul spoke to me again. "We are going to land at a contact point in the Himalayan Mountains of Tibet."

CHAPTER

12

THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN"

The landing place that Mara had selected was barren of any growth that I could see. Everywhere I looked, there was snow, and the first light of day was beginning to dawn here on this "roof of the world". I could see a range of peaks which seemed to be about two hundred feet higher than the flat spot on which we had landed, and from the top of the range of peaks I saw human forms moving toward us. I quickly looked at each of my companions to see if there was any particular concern registered on their faces. There was not. Then I heard shouts of human voices in a foreign tongue, and for the moment I was disappointed, for I did not know the language . . . and then suddenly I DID! Just as soon as I realized that I was not bound to the utterances of language and symbols, the words were clear and had meaning. They were saying, "Hail!" and I could make out three or four voices.

"We are on a small plateau near the city of Zhikatse," Paul was saying to me, "and we are to visit a monastery for contact with a Lama, with whom you will be in communication once the contact is made."

By now, the people were nearing the *Mary Bell*, and I could see them. They all had broad smiles on their faces, and I knew that this was not a new contact and these people must have some familiarity with space craft that the world is not

aware of. Paul later confirmed that many visits had been made by some of the crews from various parts of our galaxy, but this had been his first contact in over one hundred years, our time. I was startled for a moment, and then reminded myself that Paul's body was not of Earth density, so he was not being subjected to the age limits I was unwittingly trying to place upon him.

The people were Mongolian in appearance, and were very humble and friendly. We were whisked out of the ship, onto dog sleds, and away we sped in the direction from which the natives had come.

As we approached the cusp of the ridge, I could see a lovely ancient-looking building of rather huge proportion nestled against the side of the mountain. There were two paths clearly defined, leading away from the building and down the mountainside (or leading to it, whichever it was). The building was white but seemed darkened beside the glistening whiteness of the snow, so it was somewhat grayish-looking.

There are many details that I shall skip here, so that I may get this story told. But some day I would like to do another book on this adventure, for it was a very thrilling one for me.

We were escorted into a large hall and up some stairs into a room that was totally bare except for a rough-looking table and twelve chairs, which I counted. Our guide invited us to sit down, and left us, stating that he would return soon.

The door opened, and there, framed in the doorway, stood a man with RED HAIR! I could not quite make out his face at first, but I could see that he was well over six feet tall and broad of frame. His body was very well proportioned, I noted, for he had on a short tunic with knee-length boots made

of skins. He looked much like our seventeenth century pirates are usually described, as he stood there. It was only an instant until he swaggered his great bulk hastily and gracefully into the room, with his hand extended to Mara. His features were noble and powerful-looking, and his large mouth stretched into a broad smile, showing teeth like I have never seen before. They were absolutely pearl-like, and his mouth was squarish-looking, supported by a strong chin which also seemed squarish to me. In appearance, he looked much like my imaginings of the Vikings. One could not help but perceive the tremendous strength emanating from him. I was surprised when he spoke, for his voice was soft . . . and of baritone pitch. I had expected to hear him bellow, I guess. There was a reverence in his manner, without any falsity.

He said, "How good it is to see you, my brother." He had addressed Mara, who was smiling back at him with a light in his eyes which showed his great joy.

"And you, Igor. You have not changed," Mara replied, while accepting the hand which had been offered to him.

The warmth of the meeting was such that I realized I was smiling, too. I was very pleased, and didn't know exactly why.

The introductions were made. Our presence apparently had been expected, for I heard Igor say to Paul, "This is a great moment for us, to have you with us for the great event to be planned."

Some day, not too far off into the future, the proof of what I say about this meeting will be seen. I know that it seems fairy-tale-like and unbelievable, perhaps with shades of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, but I give this account as it did

happen, despite the credibility considerations which may be challenged.

Igor is a Viking. He is Supreme Chief of the Yeti (the "Abominable Snowman"), and his is a mission of great solemnity. The Yeti are remnants of the Plutonian influence. This means that when the planet Pluto was in the orbit we are now in, these Beings were left behind to relearn their lessons, and they had not handled that task through all of the "pass-overs" since that time. They were a problem to the Council, and finally Igor had been commissioned to go to them as a teacher, to see if he could bring them into reality so that they need not be cast onto Venus at the next "pass-over". The Yeti are child-like and harmless except when approached by "Man", and then they defend themselves in the only way they know how — by attack.

Also, I learned newly (for I had once known it) that the Vikings were actually Martians — the great warlords, as we know them historically. The Council of our solar system had met, and appealed to the representatives of Mars to take a hand in the Yeti problem. And so it was that Igor, one of the mightiest amongst the Martians, was selected and commissioned to take the task to hand. The point of contact was a High Lama, who was a Taoist in the Tibetan monastery where we were sitting at that moment. It was he who was rightfully the Dalai Lama. The one who was recognized, and had been selected for that high title and honor, was in reality not the one who should have held the position. This is a Council datum, known for some time.

Igor was half sitting, half reclining on one of the stiff wooden chairs, with his head leaning against the back of the chair. He looked first at Mara, then at Shem, me, and Paul, in

that order. Then he sat up and looked at Paul, and asked, "Does your visit here mean that there is a change in the procedure?"

"Yes, there is a change, but not in the same sense in which you ask about it. All progress is change, and the progress has been noted to be worthy of higher assignment." Paul smiled — a bit mischievously, I thought.

Somewhere far off (but within the building, I was sure) there was a faint refrain drifting in to us — lovely music, bell-like in its simplicity, but resonant and melodious. I wondered about it, and realized that I had not heard what Paul had just finished saying. I did hear Igor reply, "We are quite ready for that task. I have trained my people, and they are loyal."

What had I missed? I was a bit furious with my wandering thoughts for having missed Paul's question or inquiry about readiness for something.

Again the door opened, and one in ceremonial garments entered the room, bowing low to each of us as he passed. He was youthful in some ways, and ancient in others. He had a small skullcap on his head, and wore a large-sleeved robe, richly decorated with metallic embroidery. I noted the fine features of his face and the piercing qualities of his eyes, and noted that he had a small pointed beard.

Igor introduced us, and I learned that this was the Enlightened One we had come to see. This WAS the High Lama!

The meeting lasted about two hours. During that time, the Lama spoke in his soft voice, which had a ring of authority to it while remaining gentle. He told us of the problems they had experienced with the invasion of Communists, and the loss

of life of the many monks and brethren. His grief was very apparent. He told us of the atrocities his people had suffered, and that his influence had not been what he would have wished. Paul comforted him in that statement, saying to him that the plans of the greater Council were as set up, and that there were no deviations. All of these things would be seen for their true values later.

Through insidious and devious means, it was now necessary to create a rift between the Chinese Reds and their Kremlin masters. The rift must be contributed to and allowed to grow, with the intent for them to engage in actual combat. But . . . the Chinese Reds should not win, for they are the terrorists, the sadists, and the madmen of the planet. They must not be allowed to continue to grow in power, and the Soviet Union was to be used in battle against them to weaken both powers. This was apparently a vital need, according to the way Paul outlined it.

Now I could see that the legions of Yeti, which were under the direction of Igor, could be indispensable. Could that be why they had remained all of the thousands of years? Was their presence on this planet a factor of salvation? I didn't know for sure, but it sure seemed logical.

The meeting ended with hot tea served to all of us, and I noticed that Shem, Mara, and Paul all drank some. The Lama was instructed by Paul to keep me informed, through telepathic communications, of the events that should be revealed at the right times, and to let me know the inner workings of the lamasery.

It was agreed, and we departed with warm embraces for all by the huge Igor and the spiritually huge Lama.

Back in the ship again, Paul directed Mara to proceed into the Kremlin, and to use “negative output”, which was explained to me later as being a negative production of energy which made the ship invisible. (This is one of the “mysteries” investigated by space groups that I know about. I had heard many theories, but none so simple as the fact.)

As we took flight, Paul told me that he was going to show me some things that I would have to write about, and I should prepare to see the most inhumane treatment that I could expect. He said that I had to know these things, and I should be prepared to confront them factually and not be influenced by my personal attitudes. He also told me, “The methods being used by the galactic opponents in our midst are not really seen and certainly cannot be understood by men, for men look for logics and reasons behind certain activities, and do not give credence to the spirit activities.” We are in a danger zone of mentality factors, Paul told me, and we have to be equipped with the understanding.

The thought of entering the Kremlin was exciting, especially since I couldn’t be seen!

CHAPTER

13

CHAMBER OF HORRORS!

Mara had set the ship down in a small clearing in a dense forested area, and I could see hundreds of lights just above us to the west. I was soon to see that this was a tremendously large Mental Institution.

The place was surrounded by a charged link fence. We moved freely through the posted guards and even the dogs which were on duty. They could not see us, for we were in spirit form.

The ground was hard and dry with a sparse growth of grass, which indicated cold climate. But not having the denser form, I was not sensitive to temperature, so I cannot tell you how cold it was. The guards all had earmuffs, heavy clothing, boots, and woolen mittens; I knew that was indicative of cold weather.

There was a rising in the ground, and we floated up over it and were in full view of the building. It was a four-story many-winged building, and off behind it I could see many others like it.

It was night. The lights were on in most of the hundreds of windows, and forms could be seen passing the windows

from time to time. The windows were heavily barred and did not appear to be very clean — they were actually filmy.

Here is the story I learned that night. The Chief Doctor in charge of this institution is a man named Hamankoff. He is a psychiatrist of Viennese education, and he is the all-powerful one in political circles.

In the Soviet Union, the insane or retarded are taken by the State, regardless of the immediate family. They are then no longer part of the family — they are State-owned wards, and there is no further communication with the immediate family or any relatives from then on. The State can do as it sees fit.

It is a shameful thing there to bear a child who is not “normal”. Anyone who goes into insanity is a shame to their family, and so there is no publicity whatsoever connected with these situations. The insane are removed. Also, anyone who opposes the State can be declared insane and sent into the Mental Institution for life. There is no hope of release, for the logics of the psychopolitician require that no person of this category be turned loose upon their society or produce children. So, being categorized that way, they are considered to be non-productive wards of the State.

No one will ever know the whole story of the atrocities against the sick of mind there, for they are used as animals are used, in experiments of every kind — no thought of humanity is ever connected with them. Their food is the barest necessity, and not too hygienically prepared, unless there is a special arrangement made for a specific “experimental identity”.

They are clothed in straight loose-fitting gray sackcloth garments, and have no undergarments or footgear. Their beds

are usually on the floors, and the filth of the housing units is indescribable. One choosing to relieve his bowels or bladder just raises his gown and does it, where he is . . . so the odors are putrid. All in all, this was the most sickening thing I had ever seen, or even imagined seeing.

Dr. Hamankoff is an accomplished hypnotist and a teacher of the so-called "science". His staff is trained in the skills of the hypnotist, and they are not above using abuse, punishment, and narcosis. Here were examples of collapsed mental bodies being used against the spirit. It is a horrible betrayal to the spirit, but since there is no true regard for spirit in the Soviet Union, they assign the creative ability to the mind.

The hypnosis is used to get the person to separate himself from his body. The whole purpose is to send these hypnotically controlled robot spirits into our nation and the nations which are our allies, and take possession of a body, commanding the spirit who had the body to return to "Shangri-La" (which is the name used by the hypnotists in their commands).

Hundreds of these hypnotized spirit beings are sent forth every once in a while, and each is under direct orders as to where he is to go and how he is to approach the "victim". The prime targets are those who use drugs, alcohol, or hypnosis. Others are trance artists, spiritualists, and doctors of practices designed to reduce the conscious level of the person. The disembodied entity is told to move into the field of the body and command the half-conscious Being that is there to go to "Shangri-La" . . . and they do, with no determinism other than that. Now the possessed body is under the direct telepathic control of the Kremlin!

The newly disembodied spirit returns to the Mental Institution from which the previous one had come, and is now a spirit connected to whatever body the other one had left: an insane body, a body with a mental-body sickness.

Surely this is not part of the plan laid out by Karl Marx, for his was a Galactic Council work, and this is certainly an opposing work. I felt sure of that, and I intended to inquire fully of Paul on this subject.

Dr. Hamankoff is a short, stubby, chunky man, with a graying mustache, and thick horn-rimmed glasses which make his evil eyes appear to be three times their normal size. His shock of iron-gray hair is cut in a semi-crew-cut fashion, which makes it seem to stand on end. Altogether, he is not a pleasant spectacle to confront, I could imagine.

Paul told me that there are over eight hundred institutions within the Soviet Union of this nature. This one is the largest; it has over 100,000 inmates!

There is no power within the Soviet Union great enough to investigate what is done with the mentally incapacitated. But the greatest crime of all is that better than 30% of the inmates are sane . . . and have been incarcerated by some dupe or other to provide sane subjects for special work. Certain drugs, gases, and other chemical experiments are used on the sane to study the effects. Nerve gas is being developed, and these are the human subjects for those experiments!

The magnitude of these crimes still has not been realized. I am still in a big quandary about it all, for the ideas and the actual witnessing of all of this was something for which I had not been too well prepared. But that is how it should have been, so that I could see it without any prejudices.

Hamankoff is responsible only to the real head of the Soviet Party . . . and that is a hunchbacked German whose brilliancy of mind has no equal in the realms of conquest, for there are no ethics or rules to which he will admit subjection. His name is Reifschneider, and he was a control behind the "throne" of the demonized Hitler and his chief executioner, Eichmann.

We returned to the ship before daylight, and I had seen all I needed to see! I knew that I must do something about all of this — but what? I felt so very ineffective and so minute in my power. You must imagine how thoughtful I was, and how upsetting this all was to me. Paul said they would return me to my other two forms at my home in the mountains of Georgia, and that at sundown this same day, I would be taken once more into other fields of activity. I agreed, but I said, "I sure do hope the worst came first!"

CHAPTER

14

ACROSS THE WORLD AND BACK AGAIN

True to his word, Paul contacted me the next day, which was the 8th day of July, 1961. This time, he appeared to me in a materialized yet thin form, and we conversed for over two hours. Most of the conversation was mine, for Paul asked me direct questions, and I found myself answering them with the authority of experience. The questions were directed by Paul, who knew what I knew better than I did, and he helped me to recall many things that I DID KNOW.

As I reflect in writing here, I realize that his questions started back in time and moved forward. His first inquiry was about the creation of this planet and what I knew about that. I REALLY knew about it, and described my ideas to him as I received them in my mind's eye. Paul confirmed many things I said, and used other things I said as leads into other areas. It was the most ingenious way of getting a person to admit his past incarnations with ease, that I had ever seen done.

We discussed three of the previous civilizations on this planet, and I knew there had been six altogether before the present one. I knew this is the surviving civilization, contrary to the many claims of potential planetary disaster. I knew that the earliest dynasty on the planet was the Oriental dynasty (which later evolved into Kahunaism), that the Polynesian people are remnants of the Lemurian culture, and that their wisdom was

supreme and their traditions were based on the truths of life (however, those truths have been altered in this present time).

From there, Paul took me through the long history of the three major Egyptian dynasties, and I saw the beginnings of science and its first REAL admission of spiritual causation — which was forgotten again, and then brought back into being by the early Greeks.

At about the same time that the Greeks were restoring the spiritual values in the Mediterranean area, on the far “western” parts of the planet the Incas, the Temecuan, and the Mayans were finding newly some of the basic principles of cosmic energy and were learning to apply their knowledge to their planetary life, resulting in fantastic works of art, and cities of such beauty that none could adequately describe them.

It was very interesting, looking over all these events much as you would recall a shopping trip of yesterday. It was all there. All I needed was for someone to direct my attention and I had all I needed to know, easily, without pain or regret over previous losses of bodies or ways of life.

In the East, the wisdom of the ages was being brought back into being by one Suddhartha Gautama, as he searched in much the same way that I was now doing under Paul’s monitoring. Following that, there was the sage Lao Tzu, and the missing pieces of Gautama’s puzzle were neatly recorded for all to know, simply by reading and studying both “ways” and applying the basic truths to their own lives, for therein was the gospel!

There were periods of three to four hundred years when I did not incarnate but was nevertheless “on duty”. One of these periods was during the time of Jesus. I was one of the three spirit beings who transported his Earth body to its present resting

place on the brighter moon of our planet, where it is without deterioration — honored and preserved for a great event in the near future.

Finally, Paul said, "This has been much easier than I thought it was going to be. I am glad that it turned out this way, for we have some interesting things to do this night, and all of this recall will be helpful to you later in your estimations and alignment of data from the past. You have done very well."

"It would be better to say that YOU have done very well, for without you, I would not have realized that I knew all of these things," I told him honestly, for it was true.

"Thank you," Paul answered me appreciatively. Then he went on. "Now let us go, for we have a lot to do this night. You are to leave your forms, all of them, right here, and travel with me in essence." And his body began to fade until I could not see it any longer. Then, in no time at all, we were under the ocean, the Pacific Ocean, about one thousand miles off the west coast of South America, due west of Peru.

We saw a huge shelf on the ocean floor, running north and south for miles. I do not know for sure how many miles, but it seemed like nearly a thousand miles long. The shelf is actually a ledge of rock. Underneath the ledge, approximately fifty miles, there is a beautiful city, all intact — columned buildings, and streets of rock, much like our present-day cobblestone. And it is as though the city had only JUST been deserted; there is no sign of undersea growth or erosion. I was then startled to note that we were not looking at the city through water at all! In some fabulous way or other, the shelf prevents the water from entering, in much the same way that a boat which is turned upside down in the water will hold air in the uppermost half, so that one can notice that, even though the boat is submerged, there

is an air space that is not filled with water. I do not know exactly what the scientific reasons are, but I do KNOW it occurred, just that way. And here was this lovely city, miles under the sea, yet not in the sea!

We moved into a temple building, and farther on, into the inner chamber (about three by three by three feet). There we found the scrolls that had been dictated at the beginning of the Piscean Age, telling how the waters had risen over the earth, and the parts that had been under the sea were moved out of the water, rehabilitated and refreshed for life forms, and for nutritious plants to grow in the rich soil that had been cleansed and nourished through the ages just past. Man knows that time as being the time the large continent of Lemuria was sunken into the sea . . . and that is what did happen, in accordance with the scheme of the evolutionary patterns of each new age.

The scrolls outlined the entire story, and their contents were now being entrusted to me for release to the world, so that those who are the heirs would sense their familiarity with the story and the patterns, and come again into our Council to take up their principalities and leadership.

One could spend lots of time in such an environment, for everything we looked at has a story to tell, and the lost arts are preserved there for mankind to know again at a future time.

Paul assured me that I could go there again any time I wished to, but that he was sure that there would be no pressing NEED to . . . and that I would see why in my own time, in my own way.

We departed the beautiful "Ghost City" under the sea. And the next thing I knew, we were looking at the west coast of North America! Paul showed me how man had taken the

gold and the oil out of the land, leaving overabundant gas deposits which create much heat and stress upon the earth's crust. It was now all WASTELAND, and would have to rest under the sea through the Aquarian Age for rehabilitation. He outlined the San Andreas earthquake fault, and showed me that it actually originates directly under the North Magnetic Pole, runs deep in the earth under the ocean, and comes out on land in the state of California. As yet, this is not fully known by our geodetic scientists, but they have enough of the truth to be able to suspect that there IS a devastation DUE from the enormous fault in the earth's crust. Now I knew why, and once more it has to do with man's lust for wealth.

Paul explained in great detail what events would occur with the increased stress on the earth's crust, and how the echelons of the giant fault would all be under stress, so that some of the islands in the Pacific would be completely submerged and some of the islands in the Far East and off the tip of south-eastern Asia would also disappear from our maps in the new age.

I inquired about the destiny of Sumatra and the Indonesian area, and he told me that there was another event to occur which would affect that part of the Eastern World. Krakatoa would come to life again, and would exhaust in two areas: one of them would be in the ocean near the island of Sumatra, and the other would be in the Hawaiian Islands, or rather, just off the coast of Oahu.

Having covered all of this, we were now visiting the Gulf of Mexico, just off the coast of Yucatan, where the site of an ancient Sun Temple was to be uncovered, but not before the new age was well along in its three-year cycle of restoration.

Along the entire western coast of Florida, various treasure burials were shown to me — fabulous treasure of the

early pirate activities from the year 1546 until the early 1900's — gold bullion and coins, silver, and tremendous fortunes in jewels which had been sent into the New World by the mother country, Spain, to finance the church so that the world would be under Spanish dominion, ruling man through the "fear of God" as taught in their churches. So, it seemed to me, the pirates of those days had performed a great service for the spiritual freedom of mankind, while they thought they had far different motives.

I was recalling a past existence as I was listening to Paul and looking at the things he asked me to note. I had been the full sister of Hernando Cortez, and had travelled on one trip to Mexico with him! On the return trip, the vast treasures of the Aztecs filled the hold of the ship, and a mutiny resulted in the loss of that body for me! (Some day I will write that account, for it is a part of history that has many interpretations about it. No one has ever known the truth about it except those who were there . . . and are here now, if they would but waken to that knowledge.)

Then we were on the eastern coast of Scotland. Our interest there was an old old castle, with its underground room of rock . . . where an early Greek philosopher had been protected, having been brought to that country in a coffin as though he were dead. His need to escape from Greece to finish his mission in life had been communicated to a noblewoman by Michael. She had made all arrangements for the safe transportation of the wise one to the underground room, where he lived and worked for over twenty years. None of the castle occupants except the noblewoman and one manservant knew of his existence at all. Another sensational story!

There in that room were rolls of skins. Painstakingly written upon them were the instructions for complete spiritual

awakening and release! These, too, were to evolve from the manifested Council known as MARCAP COUNCIL, AND IT WAS MY "MISSION" TO DO THAT WORK BEFORE THE SPRING EQUINOX OF 1963!

I had enough work to keep me busy for ten years, I thought to myself. And when I complained a bit to Paul, he assured me that I would not be short of help, physically, mentally, or spiritually.

Next, we were in the high Andes Mountains of South America, in the land of the Sun People. There, I found some of the most highly endowed prophets of old, restored to life and participating in the work of the new age — unknown to the whole world! But rememberable by all!

And then . . . I was home, and my telephone was ringing. It was as though I had never left — but I had enough to think about for many days.

CHAPTER

15

MICHAEL SPEAKS

It was on another day in July, 1961, that I was contacted by Michael and given information of events which would reverberate around the world. I was to set up a communication line to as many people as I could contact with information on the results of radioactive fall-out — information which is not available to science and cannot be found through any available method of research, for it is all on the level of spirit, which is the causation of science.

Let me digress for a moment.

It is not within my literary ability to explain the differences in time within our galaxy. I had tried it earlier in this book and found that I could not easily pass the information along via the written word, for we are prejudiced in our "learning" — we think in terms of physical laws which are relevant to our own planet and our own solar system. The result: I scrapped over twenty pages of manuscript and gave up in futility. We have certain agreements about the speed of light and we calculate according to our agreements, and so any other viewpoints of dimension and time and space warps seem to be unreal or untrue — which they are, in fact, within our solar system. However, that which is untrue for us, is truth elsewhere. The basic truths are the very foundations of any material

or systematic "phenomena", and so data will only align itself to the "basic" from which it sprang.

About the best I can do, it seems, is to relate that our "present moment" is not experienced anywhere else as a "present moment". Our present time may have been fifteen minutes ago, or fifteen years from now, or any other amount of difference one can imagine, somewhere within our galaxy. The effort is to have every moment a "present moment" somewhere within the galactic system. This can only occur when the system has evolved into what Michael calls an "Ancient of Days". Then and only then can we conceive of a "no beginning . . . no ending" pattern, for then all things are occurring in all units of time and there is no "void" or "vacuum" within the entire galaxy.

As I understand it, each solar system must evolve to the status of twelve planets, each of which has twelve moons. There must be twelve "mansions" established through the same evolutionary patterns. Simultaneously with the release of each "mansion", there must be the "birth" of a new planet within the solar system from which the "mansion" evolves into a higher echelon of creation.

Each time-continuum has its uses. For example, an Extra-terrestrial Being may seem to appear and disappear without traversing space. This Being may appear in our present time, and then drift through the time-streams so that THAT "present time" becomes material or manifest in another part of our galaxy and can no longer be seen by us, except in recall. This is a different situation from the basic laws by which a Being materializes and dematerializes, yet it can SEEM to be the same.

The attempt to explain the spirit universe permits the error by which religion is born. Religion is an interpretation

which rings true for many, and so they can believe. In believing (adopting an interpretation), one establishes for oneself a collection of data which is classifiable as "tradition" and "superstition". ANY religion has its foundations in the past, and that which is past is no longer the truth of the "present moment", even though it appears to be still here NOW — it is only here NOW in recall and in lifeless matter, for the present moment is the eternal moment of eternal life. The rates of creation which add motion to our laws, are faster than the mind can comprehend (by design), in order for the mind NOT to be able to be "like God"; in order for the mind to evaluate ONLY the things which have been experienced; in order for the mind to ONLY be able to speculate about the future. For if the mind could duplicate and understand the spirit, there would be no function for the mind at all! Spirit KNOWS! Mind interprets the knowingness into rationale, and the constant battle against the spirit by the mind (which endeavors and CRAVES TO KNOW) results in an out-of-present-time-ness by which patterns of behavior are born.

For over a month, I had been digging into all I could discover about the patterns and colors of kinetics. There was much to learn . . . all of which was actually a substitute for KNOWING, but which also provided something to effort for, and therefore to have a game to play, in life. Just as the movie "prop" man does research for the properties with which to set the stage, so also does the mind operate in order to provide a "reasonable facsimile" of TRUTH.

Once more I am experiencing the futility of words as I write. So I will leave this subject for now, for I am sure you will get the idea of my message for yourself, in your own way, if I do not impose too many words upon you and add to the seeming complexity — which is, in truth, UTTER SIMPLICITY.

The time of Michael's appearance, as previously stated, is documented in our records as July, 1961. (I failed to record the actual date.) About an hour after sundown in my mountainous area, I was enveloped in a sphere of light. It seemed much like being in a spotlight without an audience, without needing an audience, and without the energy of another's attention (which is the service that an audience performs). There is relatively little to relate of the experience, for reasons which I cannot give, for I do not honestly have them. Anything I would say about it would be on the basis of logic, which is, after all, a "figure-figure" mechanism in order to establish an acceptable substitute for TRUTH.

There was no illusion of time passing in this "sphere of light". But after the experience had been experienced and was no longer, I recalled some of the things I KNEW while I was in the light. I will do my best to articulate them.

My companion had left earlier for our Center to teach his evening class, and I had declined to go with him because I had a stack of mail which was demanding some attention from me. It was approximately four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon when he left. I had been typing steadily for some five hours in order to catch up with my heavy correspondence, when suddenly I "went dry". I found myself sitting in my study staring fixedly at my typewriter with a half-finished letter waiting for additions . . . and nothing came. I had nothing to say — it seemed just like going dry. For a few moments I struggled to get something out, and then I got up and left the room and felt like going outside for a bit. So I did.

I wandered slowly and thoughtfully down our little narrow mountain road, with my sixteen-year-old Doberman, Silky, trotting on ahead. I noted that she seemed so youthful in her trot, and as always she was interested in all things. She

was investigating "things" along the road and the banks of the road, occasionally stopping to "sniff" herself into understanding of a rock or leaf. I had chosen to walk along the roadway rather than to hike through the woods, for we had recently seen several snakes, and I was not willing to have my attention on being aware of every step I took. When I came to the end of our little road, I turned to the left and continued down the county road which led to our drive and back up into the mountains.

As Silky and I strolled along, I was thinking about a prediction that a psychometrist had made early in June, which had to do with space craft. He had told me that I would be contacted around three o'clock in the morning on July 4th; I had been willing to be outside at that hour, but had seen nothing. I wondered if I had failed somewhere unconsciously, or whether the information given me was actually not within my sphere of activity. Should I heed anyone's "information"? I wondered.

Then, just as though someone had spoken to me, I was told to return home. In my tutoring with Paul, he had shown me how to handle "spirit communications" so that I would have no liability of acting upon opposing advice. So, I tried the "spirit" and received the identifying assurance, as Paul had told me I would. Without further question, I called to Silky and retraced my steps back to my house.

I drank a large glass of water from our cool spring supply, and thought how good it was. Then I went in and sat down in the living room, still wondering what I was to do next. The day had been very warm and humid, and I felt like taking a cool tub bath, so I went into the bathroom and started drawing the water.

Suddenly, there was the beginning of a summer storm — I could hear the thunder away off in the distance. Looking out of the bathroom window, I could see the evidence of rain, for the sky had darkened and there was a brisk breeze developing. Off to the east were flashes of lightning. (I record all of this, for it had a lot to do with what happened afterwards.)

While the water poured into the tub, I went into my bedroom for fresh clothing, and I noted a tiredness about the body which was not usual. So I went into the living room and sat down on the couch, still in my thoughtful mood.

All of a sudden, there appeared before me eight forms of poor definition. I could see that they were forms, all of approximately the same “size”, but the unusual thing was that they were all “fused together” by what seemed to be a silver thread. In order to be honest about all of this, I must quickly advise you that I was startled — the body’s heart started to race, and I had a great feeling of fear, for the moment that this happened in.

The spirits were asking ME to free them. They were pleading! I felt so INADEQUATE. I didn’t even begin to know what I should do, or how to do it if I did find WHAT to do.

Seconds later, the apparitions vanished. I was shaken physically, to the point of body trembling, but I looked at my radio clock and saw that it indicated two minutes after five. I just sat for a few moments. Then the sound of the water pouring into the tub demanded my attention, and I hurried into the bathroom to turn off the faucets. I was taken by surprise when I noted that the tub was only about half filled, so I allowed the water to stay on, all the while evaluating the amount of time that had passed during the appearance of the apparitions and the unspoken exchange of communications which had taken place.

The telephone rang. I answered, and my companion's voice came over the lines to me, saying, "I had a feeling that you wanted me to call you."

I quickly told him about the event, and that I had "just come out of it," and he said, "Why don't you rest for a while? It will all straighten out. You have been hard at it all day, so relax the body now for a while."

I told him that I was going to take a bath and then I would relax.

After hanging up the phone, I wondered at his receptivity, for he seemed aware that I was alone and a bit frightened for some reason or other (which is NOT typical of me). Then I remember being glad that he was sensitive to my needs, and I went ahead and took my bath.

Later, I went in and lay down on my bed and listened to the pounding rain, for it was really pouring down by now. I watched the tiny rivulets which were appearing on my windows, and just RELAXED.

A little while later, feeling refreshed, I went over and turned on the television set to hear the news at six-forty-five. In the news broadcast, there was news of eight people, sitting in a tobacco drying shed in or near Spartanburg, South Carolina, being struck and instantly killed by lightning. They had all been sitting on metal drums, the newscaster reported.

Like a bolt, I was instantly aware of the thing that had happened with the apparitions I had seen "fused together". Don't ask how — I just KNEW that the spirits which had to leave their bodies due to the tremendous voltage of the impact, had suddenly, for some unexplained reason, found me . . . and

asked my help! I heard the newscaster say, "This tragedy was reported as having occurred at eight minutes after five today."

I remembered I had looked at the radio clock and noted it read two minutes after five, **AFTER THE SPIRITS HAD DISAPPEARED**. I rushed into my bedroom and looked at the bedroom clock and noted that it appeared to be a few minutes fast, so I took it into the living room and dialed for the telephone time signal. To be sure, the bedroom clock was exactly **SIX MINUTES SLOW!**

I was puzzled — I didn't know what all of this meant, and I was disturbed to think that I had not done anything for those bereft ones. I didn't hear another thing the newscaster had said. I just sat, half stunned, wondering, wondering, wondering.

A few moments passed and I had turned the television set off, so I am assuming it was very nearly seven o'clock. The room suddenly turned bright — brighter than any lights could ever make it, in my opinion — and I looked outside to see what was the possible reason. It was still raining very hard. Then I saw a form appearing, feet first, just above my view of the window. It gradually appeared in full form, and then . . . came right into the room, right through the glass, wall and all! Finally it rested on the edge of a couch — a full body, just like you and I have and know each other by, except that it was misty . . . thin . . . I could see right through it.

I did not recognize the features, except (thinking to myself) that it was a kind of body like one member of our group has, except it did not have the same density.

It is most difficult to describe one's reactions as are experienced with such an unpredicted and "impossible" occur-

rence. I was busy wondering . . . Who? What? Where? Why? Busy, busy, busy.

Then a calmness came over me. I began to see light particles leaving the form, directed in my direction, and I knew there was some kind of communication being given me. I did not know what, but I did know it was alright to have it happen. The reality would dawn later and I would know what was exchanged, for it was not for this moment.

As soon as I knew this, the figure vanished. Not gradually at all — it just vanished in a twinkle of an eye. First it was there, then it wasn't.

Well, if I had been a drinking woman, I probably would have explained all of this to myself very carefully. But I am not a drinking woman, and I was wide awake . . . and was THERE.

Well, it was all TOO MUCH!

It was then I noticed that the light remained in the room, and by now it was getting dark outside . . . still raining hard. Then, "Do not be alarmed. It is I — Michael." And then I saw him take on form right there in front of me!

He spoke again, with voice, and in English. "Every prayer you have ever uttered has reached my domain. Many of the tests you have put yourself through, have been denied interference from anyone. And now we have some things to look over together."

Now, as I look at the picture I have of that event, I recall that the thought went through my mind that Michael was using his Council-appearance body, and it was the one by which I knew him.

He was content to remain silent until I inquired of him, "I admit being strangely aware that all you say is true, but I am not consciously aware of WHY. Why am I to do this work? What makes me different? Why am I more capable than another? These questions haunt me, and oftentimes I begin to doubt my own sanity."

"If you did not have the answers to those questions, you could never have posed them," he answered, and I was quite sure that he did not intend to say more or provide me ANY answers at all.

"For him who would enter the higher realms, there are certain works he must have accomplished. These are services, and must be given freely. Once accomplished, his spiritual endowment is added to. Whatever he has gained is matched by the Confederacy Council, from which all endowment of spirit within our domain is granted. You have reached a point and have performed according to the Council plan, and so now your endowment is to be enlightened to the greatest extent possible while still engaged in a physical universe project. That is why I am here. This is YOUR 'time appointed'." Michael spoke the words carefully, deliberately, and with such intention that I could not seem to even consider disagreeing.

"What does all of this mean?" I remember asking.

"It is not the 'meaningness' which could be understood by the assignments of significances and attributes, but rather, a meaningness of enlightenment," he answered me.

I didn't know what he meant. I wasn't sure I really KNEW anything, for I had so much confusion of thought that I didn't know where to begin for an orderly pattern of thinking.

It is utterly impossible for me to relate to you, exactly, word by word, what we conversed about. I can, however, give you the impressions I have of what was said in exchange, and this I will do as well as I am able to.

Michael told me that my first self-imposed test was one of time. It had to be seen that I could arrange specific things and make the time for them. I would have volumes of writing to do within a confined period, and my creation of time for them would indicate to me, as well as to my Council brothers and sisters, whether or not I have accomplished the lesson of time. He allowed me to know that I am never without a spiritual monitor at this point in my "training", for it is an awakening period where the invisible realms are within my comprehension, and monitorship is needed so that no opposer to the plan could interfere with my struggles or lead me into the path of creation which serves them. He told me the history of my monitor, and why he is qualified to be my monitor.

Then he asked of my monitor to manifest himself. And there in that room that day, he did — and I saw that it was the one who had appeared to me earlier. I could establish no familiarity with the identity, for the form and the features which I could see were not within my recall. This was known to Michael and my monitor, for they assured me that there would be no mystery remaining on that score by the end of this visitation. Michael told me to watch, and I did as I was told, only to see one of the most unbelievable things I have ever heard of.

My monitor began to change forms! He became male and then female at certain intervals, and some of the identities which he made manifest "rang bells" with me. I KNEW I had seen them before — some of them were in the present lifetime recall of dreams I had remembered. Some of them were not as familiar,

but there was not a doubt that the previous incarnations of this person who is my monitor, were **REAL**.

As my monitor shifted from one physical valence to another, Michael told me what the identity had been, and what the influences had been, and how I had not known of the influences at all.

There were so many bodies manifested by my monitor that I could not begin to correctly estimate the number. Many of them were shown with no comment by Michael; some required more comment than others. For as long as it took, I watched this "live television" performance by the highly endowed monitor.

There was no particular pattern that I could distinguish. He showed me his previous female bodies, male bodies, black, red, yellow, and white bodies, deformed bodies, perfect bodies — just about every combination of physical make-up one could begin to imagine. He showed me seven bodies, all male, which Michael told me he had operated by beams, all at one time. They were all pirate bodies of the late 1800's, and had buried the treasures (a large part of them, anyway) that Paul had shown me on my "world tour". I could just barely see how the threads of my past lives were entwined within the whole cloth of a greater plan.

My monitor had owned bodies that I had loved, hated, killed, been killed by, and . . . well, you name it! There was nothing we had not shared — no emotion, no experience, no quality or quantity we had not shared!

It was he (I will call him "he", for that is how he best fits in my imaginings) who had brought out the good and the evil in my past performances. It was he who had led me through

the animalistic, human, mental activities that one **MUST** experience in order to **KNOW** the physical universe. It was he who had collaborated with me in moments of pain, duress, worry. He had been all things to me, in all ways, and I had gone on my way blissfully convinced that I was **SELF-DETERMINED**.

Is this all new to you? I think not. Somewhere, somehow, every reader of this book will faintly experience a familiarity with the experiences I speak of here. It may seem too incredible — it may seem to be “all hallucinations” — but nevertheless, there will be a faint “I knew it all the time” feeling connected with my relating of these experiences.

My monitor was more **ME** than I was. He had all of the things about me that I had lost along the way. He was utterly familiar with my every move and my every thought, good or bad. I felt grateful and relieved, for now I knew that all of the things I had feared were disqualifying, were disqualifications according to my beliefs **ONLY**, and one must know the physical universe as a fox knows the trap, or one could not transcend it. It was good to know that someone knew all about me . . . everything about me. It was a relief the nature of which one cannot describe. It can be experienced, but not easily communicated.

I don't know how long all of this revelation took. But I do know it was now pitch dark outside, and the room was still as bright as sunlight.

I'll now carry this further, just so you can see what a tremendous thing this “Judgement Day” is, for that is what it was — my Judgement Day.

Throughout this Piscean Age, my monitor had been all things to me. He had been my child, and I his; he had been my mother, and I his; he had been my father, and I his; he had been my wife, and I his; he had been my husband, and I his; he had been my lover, and I his; he had been my teacher, and I his; he had been my brother, sister, friend, enemy, and I his.

Nothing has ever been written in the books of man which could even begin to show the patterns of "compatibles".

Lastly, my monitor showed me the body of a man I had been married to in this life! Michael explained how this was managed and what it served, and I could see it clearly with no room for doubt.

Then the monitor changed back to the first form he had presented, and I drew a deep breath, thinking this was all. But it was NOT, for before I could utter a word, the form vanished, and I was alone with Michael once more! I looked at Michael, wondering why my monitor had not stayed to talk with me, so I could thank him for always being there (in whatever "there" he was in). And as I looked at Michael, **HE CHANGED FORM AND BECAME THE FORM OF MY MONITOR!**

Then I broke into tears. I cried so hard I must have shaken the whole world. I didn't know why I was crying, for there was no single "why". It was for everything — all time — any reason you wish to attach to it would be correct. I cried like I had never cried before, tears of joy and grief all mixed up together.

"Rest now," Michael said. "I will return at three o'clock in the morning, and take you into new boundaries and across the lines of life."

CHAPTER

16

NO LIMITATIONS!

Michael came for me at three o'clock (our time), just as he had said, and I was ready. The body was awake this time, and knew all that I was doing. It was time for the various parts of me to know about the other parts of me, and that which I did spiritually, mentally, and physically could now be known by each "part" of me which was being brought into coordination and understanding.

Within seconds, Michael and I were aboard *Japhalein* and were met by Paul, who escorted us to a room which was in semi-darkness. I was told by Paul that a review of the micro-particles of my previous personal activities was to be shown to me, so that there would be no thing hid from me about myself. In knowing myself, I could know my fellows.

An arrangement very much like our movies was set up and waiting. Michael told me that an electromagnetic field was being produced in order to extract all of my pictures from the field of my body on Earth, so that they could be shown to me as pictures, without any reservations. After the pictures have been seen, I would then have them returned to my field by the reverse vector of the electromagnetic field. (I don't know scientifically how to explain this, but if it were essential to write further about it, I would know how. So I am content that I have reported enough of it for your examination to take place.)

Many of the past existences that I saw on the blue-white screen were within my recall already, but there were bits and pieces which I had not known about, or forgotten, which were brought up again in seeing the pictures. They were my pictures, so it was no wonder they were familiar to me!

I saw the first picture I ever made. It was one of a color, followed by other views of the color, and several colors, and various views of them. It was just like going through a family album — many memories are recalled in looking at pictures, and I was experiencing a “whole track” of them, without the occlusions of death, unconscious moments, or any other barrier. My history was all there from my “beginning”.

Once more I ask you to realize that the things which occur on the galactic time-warps are not comprehensible by our measurement of time. What takes only a moment at that level can result in hundreds of hours of action at this level; maybe even more than hundreds of hours . . . maybe hundreds of years. It depends on WHO is doing it.

One of the past-life experiences that I thought would be of interest to others, had to do with a time when I was the dearly beloved daughter of a great warrior. In those days, he was acknowledged as being one of the “greats”, and he is still acknowledged around the civilized world as such.

Though I had been a child born out of wedlock, my father had later married my mother and endowed her with all of his wealth. His affairs, being of political nature, required certain dictates from the church, and while my father was not a religionist, he adhered to certain policies and followed the patterns being set down by the church for world dominion. This period in our history was the late thirteenth century and early fourteenth century, and the location was Spain.

My father had been taught by his father, and certain testimonies had been handed down to him, so that some of the basic laws of life were within his knowledge. He had, in turn, taught them to me. I was the only child, so even though I was a girl, I had been taught these truths. It was usual to pass them along the family lines to the first-born son.

When I was sixteen years old, my father left to engage in battle by the command of the queen. Before leaving, he called me to him and told me that I was to take total command of our estate, for my mother was a failing woman and her judgement could no longer be trusted. I wept in saying good-bye to my father, but consented to do as he asked, and gave him my promise to withhold the teachings he had passed on to me, even unto death. (It was customary in that time for the seekers of power to use horrifying torture methods, and I knew that.)

(To keep this brief without sacrificing the lessons I learned, is not easy. I shall do my best again here, to give you the picture.)

One day, I was literally dragged from my home (which was a castle) by some hooded men and taken to a religious seminary. (I knew what it was, for my father had pointed it out to me as we had ridden through the foothills when I was fourteen years old.) There, I was taken into a dank dungeon and thrown into a barred cell. The cell had a dirt floor from which emanated the fumes of filth. There were vermin and lice and the excreta of the former occupant. I was left there for many days without seeing anyone or having any food, water, or light.

Then they came and took me out of the cell and into a room which seemed entirely made of rock. On one side of the room was a large open fireplace built up about two feet from

the dirt floor; it looked like an open oven. There was a fire in it, and by the light of the fire I could see a large "table" affair, which was a large stone slab. Standing at one end of the "table" was a gigantic Negro, muscular and mighty-appearing, whose black skin reflected the glow of the fire. He must have been nearly seven feet tall, and wore a loin cloth. In his hand was a foreign-looking instrument which resembled an arrow. It was sharp-pointed at one end and had a cubical-shaped attachment at the other end. It looked about eighteen inches long.

At the other end of the table stood a priest, in his robes, so that I could easily identify his status. He spoke to me, calling me by name (Carlotta), and told me that I could be released if I would tell him the family secret truths. I refused, and was lifted bodily onto the table where atrocities were committed on that body, of such a nature as to bring fury into my thoughts even now — punishment and torture of such sadistic imaginings that it would be hard to comprehend, let alone believe.

The Negro raped . . . the priest raped . . . the Negro administered a red-hot iron to the stomach area of the body . . . then to the soles of the feet . . . burned off the hair just to the point of scorching the scalp . . . and other things of which I will not speak.

(I hope I have not shocked the reader. The things which took place in that torture chamber still occur in our world even today. The news is full of such activity. It does exist, and I could not make the situation REAL without giving out some of the lesser atrocities. So, forgive the baseness, please.)

I had been trained in exteriorization from the body by my beloved father, and I watched what was occurring from a distance. I did not feel the pain, but was aware of the pain

being administered by these fiends. I was in deep sympathy with my body, but remained true to my promise not to reveal the truth even unto death.

I knew that they did not really dare to kill the body, for if they did, they would never learn what I knew. And somehow I knew my father was dead, so that I was the only living person with the truths he had taught and had been taught.

Finally, the body was hung up by its wrists to a large hewn log which was hung from the ceiling of the room by rings and chains. With some kind of plier-like tool, the Negro, under the direction of the priest, began to rip the skin from various portions of the body. As he was ripping skin from the soft part of the neck, I had the body bite him . . . hard! (I had a purpose.) He became infuriated and did not hear the priest's cries to stop, as he took a long curved-bladed knife and slit the body from throat to genitals, with the innards pouring forth.

I watched all of this! Some of the reality of the pain flowed back to me via a line of communication I had left attached to the body, and which I withdrew as the body breathed its last and expired.

The priest was furious with the black torturer. He screamed, "I told you NOT to kill her. Now how can we find her again?" as he beat on the massive chest of the Black with his fists. The Black did not fight back, but broke into tears like a wee child.

I continued watching. I heard them pro and con on what to do next. Finally, the priest decided that they should take every precaution, for we were a noble family and there would have to be an accounting of my disappearance to the queen, who favored my father and loved me, also. Misguided though she was, the queen was a kindly woman.

The body was dissected and its parts were thrown into a barrel, where I saw the parts of another human body minus the head. Then I saw the head of my body thrown into the fire by the priest, and I looked closely and saw the other skull there, also. Then I knew: it was my FATHER!

To keep this account brief is not easy, but the end plan for disposal of the two bodies was to kill a cow and sew the parts of our bodies into the cow's stomach, and then to bury the cow. It was a white cow with slim curved horns. I watched the entire thing . . . and then my father came to me spiritually and took me away from there.

One of the bodies my monitor had shown me was the body of my father in that life.

To add to the story a bit: In this present lifetime, when a child, I used to dream of the Black and the priest, and I seemed to float above a stairway in the seminary and watch the nuns go up and down the stairs. I saw the carcass of the cow and the barrel full of bloody body parts, and I used to wake up crying with stomach pains . . . and it was only my father who could soothe me to sleep again! Now I knew why all of these things had happened.

The pictures continued, and each of them answered various mysteries that I had wondered about. I saw the final destruction of the planet Meldech due to nuclear development, at the time it was in the orbit our planet is in NOW. As planets evolve into this orbit, the development of nuclear fission is made, and the lesson of the destruction of Meldech remains within the orbital atmosphere of the planet for all scientists to know if they will but look.

The story of radioactive fall-out was given to me, and how it was designed to either rehabilitate the human form, or destroy it by a long, lingering, torturous death of creeping deterioration. The secret of which of the two results is to be experienced is within the minds of men. It is the minds of men that would bring about their death, and it is the understanding of the mechanisms of the mind, and how they are being monitored by our opponents by "suggestion", that would be the salvation of mankind . . . in part. That was to be my work immediately: to do all that I could to bring into the light the story of both vectors of the fall-out story (which I am doing, by special bulletins, along with the writing of this book).

By the time I had seen all of the pictures, I saw that there were no limitations upon me which I did not choose to have. Exteriorization from my form and my mind was the method by which I could cheat all would-be executioners. I saw that I could throw a "capping beam" over any body I wished to use or to influence, without actually interiorizing into it . . . and accomplish whatever I wished to, or needed to, in order to fulfill my vows to the Confederacy Council. There was NO liability for me. I was spiritually released (which is called the "first resurrection" by the Christian religions: the resurrection into immortality).

I was bound by nothing except my own considerations — no barrier existed for me unless I consented for one to exist. And by that much self-imposed liability, I could PRETEND to have threats to my beingness, if I were wanting to experience drama and sensation. There was, in truth, no liability for me, and I knew it . . . and KNOW it now.

Michael and Paul were both pleased with my re-cognitions, and they gave me more to consider during the days to follow, on the level of my Earth life, which I classify as "pre-cognitions".

CHAPTER

17

HOW TO TURN WATER INTO WINE

By the early part of November, 1961, I had written sixteen chapters of this book, and then . . . nothing came to put into words. I was a bit bewildered, for we had a deadline, and most of the work had been done which followed my writings, up to and including the sixteenth chapter. I couldn't seem to settle down to finishing this book. Several attempts were made, in sheer desperation, but none of them were satisfactory, and so found their way to the wastebasket. There was much I could write about, but nothing momentous enough for the final chapters of this book. And so I labored, and grieved a bit, and wondered: how many times has an author found it difficult to finish a book, or was this uniquely connected to this book?

Day after day, I promised that I would get back to "Japhalein", and every time, something developed to make it impossible . . . until the final week of November, when I understood why: the last chapter of this book had not happened yet!

There was some consolation in knowing that, for I began to be more at ease and gave less thought to my lagging — feeling certain that I would have the chapter just in time!

During the entire month of November, we as a group

had many things to confront which were definite threats to our ability to carry on our work. We ran out of funds. We had not been able to sell our Fort Myers property, and the huge payments were hurting us financially. We were, once more, out of funds.

Then the group went into action. Under the guidance of information I received from Michael, the group gathered together all of the personal belongings that they could get along without, and a rummage sale was held. Just enough funds to pay our immediate bills for gas, lights, and food was achieved through the sale, and we breathed easier, still with the faith that we would not have to stop our work.

It is difficult to describe the many tests we went through. People came and went, some wishing us well, others skeptical of our purpose, and still others not understanding at all.

Then, on the 29th day of November . . . the rest of this book came about.

The days were growing shorter, and sundown came about five-thirty or so. I was alone, my companion having gone to the Center to hold his class meeting with the group. The air was cold outside, and the sky was clear as I looked out of my study window at the color of the sunset. Off toward the twin peaks which I could see with my body's eyes, I saw a cloud formation which looked most unusual. I had been typing for several hours, for my personal mail had grown to staggering amounts in the last two months because of the bulletins I was led to write. I turned off the typewriter (an electric one) and moved closer to the window. The formation looked like a huge structure — like a large skyscraper might appear if set by itself out in the mountains with no other building like it in view. The huge tower seemed to glow . . . and I could see the

definition of several tiers. "Funny," I thought to myself, "my eyes must be playing tricks on me." But I wasn't satisfied, so I put on my coat and went out on the side patio of the house, and I looked. The sky was rapidly growing darker, and the darker it got, the more definition there seemed to be to the display I was so interested in.

Then, just as it had occurred twice earlier — once in September and once in October — there was a small ship, very small, travelling in a circular path around the general area of the grounds on which we lived. The light which came from the ship was a brilliant purple or violet. The ship circled the area five times, and then vanished.

The second time I had been witness to this same phenomenon, it had circled twenty-four times. I had counted because the first time I saw that craft (or one resembling it), I had lost track of how many times it flew in a circle over the grounds upon which I stood. Both previous times were known about by all who lived on the same grounds, as well as our group who lived at the Center.

The first time it happened, it was after two o'clock in the morning, and there was no one awake but me. The second time, it was approximately five minutes after nine in the evening, and there were four other people on the grounds who were holding a meeting, and suddenly one of them was urged to go outside and look. As I recall the story told to me, one man and one woman of the two couples went outside, and when I checked with them on the time, it was found to be exactly four minutes after I had seen the "purple ship".

This, now, was the third such phenomenon.

With the disappearance of the ship, what looked like a huge spotlight was turned on almost directly over my head,

and I could see nothing but the light. It was extremely brilliant, and had no particular color to it. I admit to being startled! I even jumped back under the roof of our open porch. I could see the reflection of the light on the ground and even to the tops of some of the trees!

Soon I mustered my courage and cautiously moved out from under the porch roof, just in time to see what looked like a ball of fire move out of the big light and streak across the sky. Then it exploded into literally hundreds of pieces, which fell into the lake.

Lake Rabun was not more than two hundred feet from where I stood, and I judged the fireball to be about two hundred feet in the air above me. The only sound I could hear, other than the television sets of the neighbors on the grounds, was a frying sound — a sharp sizzling noise like one might hear when frying bacon too fast.

The light remained, immobile as far as I could tell.

And then, after several minutes . . . someone suddenly stood beside me! It was a male type form, youthful in appearance, and handsome of feature and figure, by our standards at least. He smiled and said, "Be not afraid. I have come from Igor to take the one known as Blanche to my planet." He bowed slightly.

"How do I know you are from Igor?" I asked.

Then, from above me, I heard the sound of laughter, and . . . "Very good!" The words came from Igor, as his huge body descended to the ground level.

"This one is called Adriac," Igor stated, as he looked at me with a wide grin on his face. "You are wise to check

on these visitations, for you are scheduled for one which you could be deceived by unless you do try the spirits, as advised earlier by Paul," Igor added.

I turned to Adriac and tried to excuse myself for being rude, and saw that he, too, seemed pleased.

Then I recognized Adriac. He was the young one who had guided me once on a tour of the moon some three Earth years earlier.

"Well, I hope you will forgive my awkwardness, but how did you know I would be outside, and how did all of this happen?" I gushed.

"It was known . . . it was arranged . . . that is all I can tell you now." Igor was the one who answered.

Adriac moved over to my right side, and said, "We will wait. Go into your house and get the chalice."

I drew in my breath sharply, for I DID have a silver bowl that I called "the silver chalice". Was that what he meant? Yes, I knew that it was without asking the question, so I went in and got it and came out again to where they had been standing, and they were gone!

"Adriac! Igor!" I called out to them, and not a sound was returned to me. The light had disappeared, too, and all was still and quiet, and by now the sky was very dark. I stood there, silver bowl in hand, and wondered what had happened.

Then I saw a man . . . no, two men and a woman . . . walking along the driveway toward the home of the mistress of the grounds, and I suddenly knew that their appearance

had not been predicted, and that Igor and Adriac DID NOT wish to be seen. This thought helped me to understand, for Adriac had said they would wait, and I was very disappointed that they had appeared NOT to keep their word. I should have known better . . . but after all, I am human, with human skepticism.

The three people passed on by me without seeing me, and I heard them talking about space craft. They had seen lots of them, according to what information I had, and I wondered why they had not seen the huge light. I wondered, too, why it was that two of the three were the same people who were four minutes late the other time. I would ask, when I got the chance.

Almost simultaneously with the sound of the door closing as the three people entered the house they were visiting . . . Igor and Adriac appeared again. They each had a soft luminousness about their body, I noted.

"Fill the chalice two-thirds full of your water," Igor directed.

I walked to an outside faucet and filled the cup as directed, and turned around to face Igor and Adriac once more. They walked over to me, each placing a hand on one of my elbows, and Igor directed me to hold the bowl of the chalice in both hands. As I heeded his directive, the earth began to move away from me, and we were all ascending in some mysterious fashion that might be called "levitation".

We went directly into the center of the light. I felt it was the center, for the light was most intense there. Once inside the light aura, we travelled a "beam path" for what seemed a few seconds in my estimation. Adriac spoke to me.

"You know that I am a Familiar Being with those who dwell on the grounds, and that I have contacted them many times, don't you?"

"No, I did not know that. But I did wonder why you both disappeared as the three were coming up the drive a little while ago, while I was in the house getting the chalice." I responded by statement, intending interrogation, actually.

"They were on their way to a contact with one known as Serapis, and if they had seen us, they would not have been ready to receive the contact. It is important for their part in the work that they proceed without their attention being interrupted. Our present mission is quite different from the one they will be told about this night," Adriac answered.

We discussed the difference between Interplanetary Beings and Solar Beings, and how one state of being served another. And then my feet touched ground again, and I was looking at a vast expanse of moss-like growth, in a hazy atmosphere which seemed to be a pink-gray in color.

"This is the planet Mars," Adriac told me.

We moved swiftly about the planet, viewing various areas which Adriac explained to me. During that viewing period, he told me that our concept of sound would soon be changed markedly. Sound is an accomplishment of the Martian culture. With our new-found knowledge, the ability to transcend the limits of space would come into actuality.

We came to an area which looked like a large, wide, swift-running river, and I was instructed by Igor to pour the water from the chalice into the river. I did, and there rose a mist from the point of the water's entry into the water of

the river. And immediately, a manifestation of Michael's angelic form took place!

"It's just like magic!" I said excitedly.

"No, it is not JUST like magic . . . it is the exact opposite of magic," Michael replied, as he stepped out of the river.

"Now, dip your chalice into the water of the river and take it with you . . . about two-thirds full, please." Igor again directed me.

In no time at all, we were aboard *Japhalein*, in the Statistics Chamber, and Paul was waiting by Fina's side to greet us. He was warm in his greeting, and said that we would have a look at the time charts of the planets that were to participate in the Great Conjunction of February, 1962.

They showed me something that looked like a spider web in design, and it was explained to me by Paul that the web of the spider is an excellent example of our solar system. The threads that make the circles are like the planetary orbits, and the connecting threads are similar to the force lines connecting the planets. He showed me how the planetary force lines connect directly to the part of the planet Mars where I had first felt the ground under my feet. He showed me that there was already a conjoining of the galaxies, and the solar systems, and that the last to conjoin would be our solar system of planets. Our time lag would not allow the experience to be felt for sixty-five days yet, by our time.

Then Paul directed Fina to show me the results of an inter-tele-version interpretation that she had just completed. Three things of what she told me are permissible to relate here.

Firstly, a great famine is to come to our planet, but it is not a famine of earth food such as bodies EAT. It is a famine of food for the mental body. This will result in many collapses of mental bodies — insanity.

Secondly, any materials that are found in the karmic patterns, which are of the Piscean influence, will have to be cleansed before one can make the “pass-over”. I inquired as to whether or not that means that karma must be resolved, and I was told that I was correct in that assumption.

Thirdly, the resin emitted by the burning of pine cones will aid as a soothing salve in the development of the pineal gland. (Pine . . . pine-al . . . hmm!)

I asked of Paul a personal question, and he answered me so incredibly that I will have to wait to see what comes of it, for I am not sure I really know what he meant.

Then I ventured one more question, for I was told by Michael that I must return to my study, for he was to come with me and help me write the final pages of this book.

The question I asked was about my beloved dog, Silky, who had died on the morning of November 4th. She was nearly seventeen years old, and had oftentimes communicated things to me beyond the earthly levels of understanding. I will not go into that, for it, too, is an incredible story. I knew from the beginning that she was directly connected in some way with the Dog Star, Sirius, home of the White Brotherhood.

For about two weeks now, Silky had appeared to me at odd times of the day or night, white of form, and carrying a dead white rat in her mouth. I wanted to know why.

Surprisingly, it was Adriac who answered me, just as though it had all been rehearsed and I had given the cue.

"The symbology here is not new to you. Silky was a symbol of the Brotherhood to you, and the white rats are a way she has of telling you that there are some in the world you live in who claim to be of your order, but who are, in truth, RATS. On the galactic level, the animal which is the most compatible to us is the dog; the rats are betrayers. And just as people on your planet use the term, 'He is a rat,' so is it used on the galactic level. Silky is still very much with you, and she is doing a new part of her work. That body is used by one you know very very well, and sometime later it will be made known — all of this mystery will be resolved."

Once more I was back on the grounds that I lived on, and all of my companions were gone.

A parting directive, given to me by Igor, had to do with the water I was still carrying (from Mars). He told me to take it into the house and look at it in the light. I did as I was bade . . . and LO! The water was red — blood red! I was amazed, for it had not looked like that earlier. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the water was ruby red, for it was more like that to my eye than like blood. Like RUBY WINE!

But, that is not all. The water was STEAMING HOT!

I poured it from the chalice into a large iced-tea glass, and noted the steam coming from it.

And as I write . . . it sits, still lukewarm, on my kitchen table, for all of this happened this very evening of November 29th.

CHAPTER

18

THERE IS NO LAST CHAPTER TO THIS BOOK!

This chapter is being written on November 30th, 1961.

Some things which need to be made clear are to be included in this chapter, which will finalize this work but will not end the book about *Japhalein*, for there are events to come that cannot be written about as yet. Much of that information will be made available in subsequent and future writings.

The galactic name for this planet is "Covenant", and its galactic number is "666". This is being repeated here in this chapter in order to call attention to the use of these identifications in Biblical prophecy.

As I write now, I am under the direction of Michael, the ARC-ANGEL, and will write as he gives me to write.

A demonstration of neutralizing forces was witnessed by many inhabitants of this planet on the nights of November 16th and 17th. The purpose of the unusual lights in the sky and the seeming explosions, as reported by many witnesses and recorded by all news channels in Georgia and Alabama, was to neutralize a zone which proceeds from the Virginia border southward along the eighty-two degrees west longitude line, to the vicinity of the Isle of Pines, Cuba. From a width of one hundred and ten miles east and west of that line in Virginia,

the zone decreases to a width of approximately forty miles east and west of the line at our former home in Fort Myers, Florida. And at the Isle of Pines, there is no sphere of influence — it is an exact point. This is an area of the new planetary force lines, which are now in place and will function with the Planetary Conjunction on February 3rd, 4th, and 5th, 1962.

What this all means is that the greatest force of the systemic influences during the Planetary Conjunction will be introduced into our planet along the above-described zone, and from there, will communicate throughout the planet and its environment (atmosphere).

Those who are manifesting physical form at this end of age, will have the task of nourishing the form back into health and well-being. And from the Solar Council will go forth the methods to be used and the treatment of the body during its period of convalescence (for it is just that):

Many will expect some great dramatic event to occur with the Conjunction, and afterwards will say to themselves and others, "Nothing happened!" But that is not the case at all, for the event will begin with the actual Conjunction, and from then on the enlightened ones will make themselves known by their obvious truths. A gradual realization, a natural-appearing change, will occur for all of the inhabitants of the earth. Some will experience great fear of what will befall them; others will remain oblivious to all presumed information; still others will bend their heads and their knees in prayer, for they know this to be the "Great Day" looked for by man for over two thousand years.

Many changes in the physical body will occur. Some of these will be aided by the radioactive fall-out that man has introduced into the atmosphere, little realizing that this "dreaded

enemy", fall-out, had been arranged for and led into being by the supreme authority of this system of planets. Man, in his blindness, has provided the wherewithal for the great transformation, and all will be changed in a twinkling of an eye. However, it will be some time before most people realize what changes have occurred. From the bone structure out to the outer area of the aura, man's entire organizational beingness will be changed — some into everlasting life, others into everlasting death, as previously predicted in Scripture.

Since recorded history began — about 3,000 B.C. — man has been changing. Changes of form, habit, mentality, interest, belief, appearance, allegiance, and every way that one can imagine, have occurred. All of this has been a preparatory program in the direction of the great celestial event which happens only once in every 144,000 years!

Twenty-five hundred years ago, five planets lined up to introduce the new world teacher, Suddhartha Gautama. It was an inter-solar-system conjunction. From that time on, the enlightened ones have done their work with man, and among men, with few knowing of their presence until after they had transcended this effort into realms beyond the boundaries of man's mind.

About two thousand years ago, a three-planet conjunction brought into this world another Master, who was destined to influence the Western World — a man known as the Galilean, or Jesus of Nazareth.

Both of these men were representatives of the Solar Council, and both gathered unto themselves the children of the kingdom, who were to carry on with their works. Neither of these men claimed fame or fortune in return for their great gifts to man. It was their pleasure to serve, for in serving man-

kind they were serving themselves also, by bringing into the consciousness of hypnotized man the knowledge that there is a "Great Day" and that it will be ushered into existence by the "Bride", "Daughter of Zion", "Mother of all the earth", "A woman clothed with the sun", or whatever descriptive phrase makes it real for the reader.

The woman Mary was said to have been visited by the angel Gabriel, and told that unto her would be born a son who would be the much-looked-for Saviour of that age and all the ages to follow. It was the woman Mary to whom this great event was entrusted, to bring into being the one known to the Christian world as the Son of God.

A "Living Master" made known to the parents of Suddhartha Gautama that their son would be born to bear the crown of the Gods of this solar system, and that he would be known as the Enlightened One. It was that Enlightened One who said, "Two thousand and five hundred years from now, one will come forth from the Western World and bring the eightfold path to enlightenment back to the hearts and minds of man."

And so, we are at the Cusp of the Ages — the summit of the change-over or "pass-over" from one systemic concert to another.

This beautiful planet will be the center of focus during the Planetary Conjunction — and beyond our solar system, other solar systems will conjoin — and beyond our galaxy, other galaxies will conjoin. This is the event which occurs only once in every 144,000 years. From this event will go forth into space from our solar system a new "mansion", empowered by the glorified union of the Conjunction.

As the sun readies herself to bring forth a new and yet unnamed planet, the first pains of birth will reverberate through-

out the solar system, adding progressive stress to the entire system. The new planet will travel with us as one of our children, as we progress from the kindergarten of our system into the lower grades of school. There we will learn (not just academically, but practically) that we are in the Aquarian Age, and the remnants of the Piscean Age will soon cease to be activated and will be found only in the matter and the memory of man . . . until that, too, is enlightened and relieved. And then it will seem that those times had never been.

To concentrate a bit upon the coming events on this planet, is to bring forth the fear merchants and disrobe them. Within two years, there will not be one church that does not begin to fall, for the fallacy of the "old ways" will be seen clearly.

The two "kings" spoken of by Daniel in his end-of-the-age visions (*Daniel*, Chapters 11 and 12) are actually the result of an erroneous translation. "K" is the symbol for royalty, in the ancient Aramaic language — and in translation, it became "king". The truthful translation of this, then, was kept for the end of the age, as the book was closed and sealed until that time. And now we have two world leaders whose names begin with "K", and in their hands and political connections can be seen the fate of mankind. "And except those days should be shortened . . ." said the Council member, Jesus. "But for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened." He did not say why or how, please note. He merely stated firmly that it would occur!

Many predictions and prophecies have foretold of the time when the sun would be darkened and the moon would not shine and man would be haunted by fear. There will be a total eclipse of the sun during the Planetary Conjunction, followed in about two weeks by an eclipse of the moon. The ARC OF THE COVENANT can then be seen to be invoked, when this planet and the sun and moon will be lined up with the

other conjoining planets. There will be no great phenomenon seen in the skies at night, but there will be darkness during the day, and then shall be seen the "son of man coming forth in all his glory". All eyes will be on the heavens, and none shall be hid in the day of judgement. Many will cast their money into the streets, for the evil of their own hearts and minds cannot escape this great "pass-over".

The minds and hearts of mankind will be opened and the veil torn away, so that the Prophets (Masters, teachers, Council members) shall be seen and known. "Many will come from the north, east, south, and west, and sit down in the kingdom with Abraham, Isaac, and Moses, and be taught in their (own) way." No claimants of the crowns of the enlightened ones, claimants who are not truly of the Galactic Council, will endure. They shall be revealed, and the blood of all of the children shall be found in their robes.

Nothing shall prevail against this plan. It will BE . . . and all will be known.

The Princes in all the earth will have the lessons of patience to teach to those who survive. The lessons of patience incorporate within them the willingness for another to be, do, or have whatever he will, without interference. This is the only brotherly love there is — no effort to change anyone, no criticism of another's ways, no need to examine with suspicion and skepticism the presentations of another, no wish to control or possess another — but to allow freedom of life, love, and allegiance.

It can be seen that the great United States of America began with a Constitution and a Bill of Rights which guaranteed certain rights, but the lusts of the political minds have led us far afield. We shall return to the Bill of Rights and re-establish

ourselves for all the world to see, and shall set the standards of the new age, for we are the promised land, the land of plenty, and it is time for us to see this.

The alcoholic, the narcotic addict, the criminal, the sexual pervert, the gossip, the whoremonger, the hypocrite, and the trafficker with familiar spirits and necromancy shall be lifted out of the scheme of things here on this planet and shall return to the "pit of unconsciousness", where they will burn forever and ever . . . drawn into the sun. Memory of them shall be no more upon this earth.

In addition to the physiological changes, there will be geological changes for this planet. The changes will emanate from the selected Planetary Council Headquarters Zone, and a counterforce will be noted on the opposite side of the planet.

The eruption of "The Head of Medusa", which we know as the great San Andreas earthquake fault, will result in many changes, unpredicted by anyone at this time.

Another change, which will be aided by the Yeti under the leadership of Igor, will be in southeast Asia. This will manifest first as a geological change in the region of the Indonesian states, and will evolve into a dread disease, blamed on "a new virus".

One who is a world leader in a new movement which promises no dogma and no study, will become ill and finally die of "impacted energies" in the brain. This is the result of mental telepathy. The source of these communications receives an energy in return for the mental messages he emanates, and he has no method of discharging it. So the accumulation of foreign energies becomes massive enough to be located — they are called "tumors", or even "cancer". What it amounts to is

an addition of much "stopped energy" into the form. The form has a certain tolerance for what it can maintain, and beyond that an explosion occurs which results in hemorrhage and brings death. (Methods of outflowing those masses are now known by the Council.)

A space platform will come into being, placed there by Solar Council directive, during the two-year period following the Planetary Conjunction. This platform will have its scientific purpose, but it will also serve spiritually, beyond what man would consider practical.

Last rites administered by some "faiths" will become known as definite "suggestion" implanted into the departing spirit to report to certain "between-lives areas". Investigation of "between-lives areas" will be made and reported upon, thus rendering the "powers of the church" null and void.

An exchange of energies between the planets Mars and Venus will permit the "pass-over" to occur peaceably for our planet (Covenant). This is the true ARC OF THE COVENANT spoken of in Scripture: the ARC-ing of energies which will produce the cleansing and purifying forces that we will pass through in our field of "pass-over" into our new orbit.

Successively and without great instantaneous realization, every planet within our system will evolve to the next orbital path outward from the sun.

Our second moon will become REAL to our astronomers, simultaneously with the "pass-over" motions, and the announcement around the world will indicate that the move to the new orbit has occurred.

Radioactivity will have no harmful effect on any material or spiritual thing once we have located in our new orbit. Only

the mental body will be involved with radioactivity as we know it today. We will find that radioactivity is in the field of cosmic energies, and the proper use of these energies will be discovered.

The lie of the "law of gravity" will become known, thereby changing the entire field of data dependent upon this "logical conclusion" (which could be said of any scientific "fact").

As the planets line up, there will be a main "beam path" along which the exchange of energies takes place. That which is not native to this planet will be removed by the magnetic field created by this "beam path".

All energy is classified, not alphabetically, but categorically; and it will be seen that energy is . . . whatever it does. An atom is . . . whatever it does. A beingness is . . . whatever it does.

Seers and aura readers will be seen to be reading things in their own fields and projecting them upon the auras of their subjects. Those who can see auras will not read them, for this is a matter of interpretation which is no man's right except the "landlord" of that "house".

Each person carries with him, around his body, his own "scriptures". These are his, and no other can know them fully or bring them into the light. And, to add to that, no one can do that job alone, for he comes into contact with his own mind circuitry and it is an endless accumulation of data-data-data. There is NO DATA in truth.

A recent death of a world-renowned person (male) will be revealed as a murder, and that person will have already taken over the form of a four-year-old boy in the city of Santo

Domingo. He will astound people by his learned public speeches, and crowds will gather up to hear him. The news will leak out slowly at first, then with increased momentum. Many offers will be made, and all will be refused. That entity is political, and chooses to remain political in his activities . . . and will say so! His guidance will make true the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

Beloved Winston Churchill will take up his new domain . . . after departing his present body. His has been a watch-dog type duty, and he has served brilliantly.

A deep mystery will appear after the detonation of a nuclear explosion in a "salt mine" in the western part of the United States. The far-reaching effects of that blast will show the effects of released neutrons.

The neutron bomb cannot be detonated by man. The neutron is in the field of spirit energy, as opposed to the electron and the proton. But there is a method of exploding or detonating a neutron bomb. The detonator is what I call the "Theta Ray" (future writings will cover that subject).

Radioactive liquids will accumulate in the form of ice masses, and will gather up at the southern terminal (South Pole) of this planet, throwing the motion of the earth and its axis into a wobble.

Astronomers will spend the next several thousand years relocating the stars and replotting the heavens, and so it will be true that there will be "a new heaven and a new earth." The planetary change of orbit and the earth's shift on its own axis will occur gradually and simultaneously. The first thing to be noted will be that the moon will seem to be tipped more

than ever before . . . and from there, the truth will unfold, in its scheduled time.

Wealthy landowners will be given the opportunity to share their properties with the new-age leaders, and many will endow and give their property for the use of the new-age schools. Those who do not will find certain devouring fungi appearing upon the surface of their bodies, and all of mankind will be able to see this manifestation, which acts like leprosy. It is a "consuming fire", for the person who has this condition activated will be miserable with a burning itching for which there is no relief except anaesthesia or sedation . . . which in turn spreads the fungi.

The Christian orator, Billy Graham, will suffer a partial stroke — not fatal, but enough to keep him immobile for a specific period of time. He will be kept out of communication. This will occur within two years after the Planetary Conjunction.

Two world leaders will have assassination attempts upon them. One attempt will be successful. [This prophecy, which referred to President John F. Kennedy and Governor John B. Connally of Texas, predated the act by two years.]

The Western World will grieve over the number of dead from an "act of God" in the western part of the United States.

All of the foregoing are some things I can tell you about, and you can watch them come about. But have no fear, for all of these things must come to pass before the "pass-over" can be completed.

Japhalein will be seen by the eyes of all mankind, at an appointed time. And please know this: *Japhalein* NEVER enters

this atmosphere or any atmosphere other than the field surrounding our entire galaxy. Certain combinations of energies will produce a magnifying effect during the Planetary Conjunction . . . and then *Japhalein* will be seen. I do not know the exact date by our time calculation.

The new-age laws are being written right now. Those who are to teach those laws will be given them and will teach men in "their way" (each man in his own way). The Guiding Council will pass the laws on to those who have lived before as Prophets and Masters, and who are on Earth today, as promised. The first resurrection has taken place . . . and is now complete.

I have enjoyed writing this book, and I end it for now to go on to write some of the methods by which man can learn of his own "way".

Thank you for your interest.

THE END

Written by E. Blanche Pritchett, Ph.D. —

JAPHALEIN, MOTHER SHIP OF THIS GALAXY

EXCALIBUR

THE ORBIT

THE EXPLOSIONS IN GALAXY M-82

THE VEDAS: AN INVITATION TO KNOW THYSELF

THE ARCHITECTONICS

VIEW II OF THE ARCHITECTONICS

Translated by E. Blanche Pritchett, Ph.D. —

THE DHAMMAPADA